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The India-Pakistan War *Arthur J. Goldberg*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts – December 18, 1971, 50 cents

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Sports Between Hard Covers

Nixon's Lobbyists

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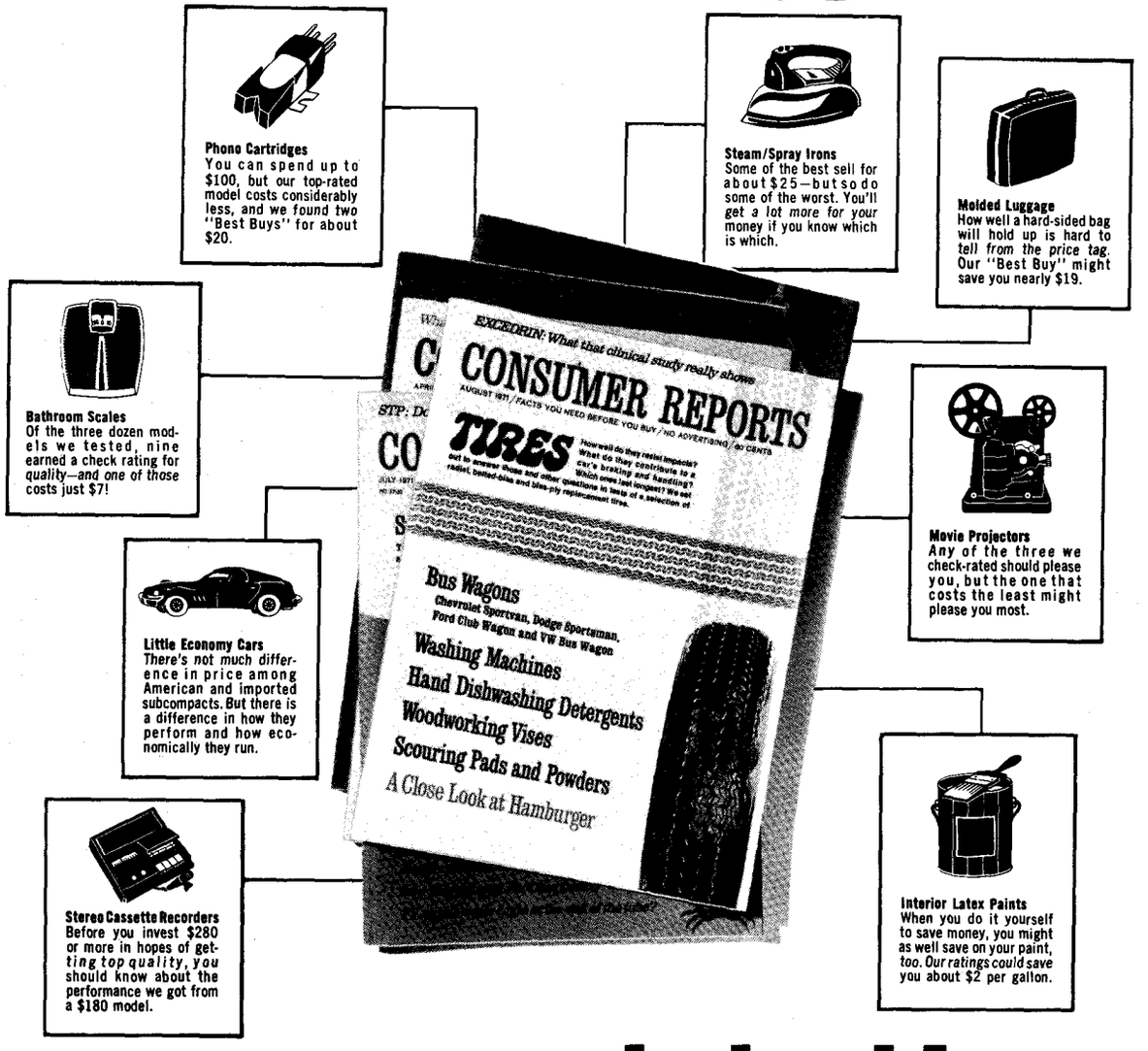
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TRB

from Washington ®

Unheard-of

Powder the hair that comes down almost to his shoulders and the thin, hatchet face that looks out with a twisted smile recalls Voltaire's. This is Pierre Elliott Trudeau, prime minister of Canada who, at age 52 is married to a pretty wife of 22 and expects his first child any day now. What a contrast with Richard Nixon who received him here last week in the first of five summit conferences! Trudeau's visit evoked breathtaking contrasts not only between the two men but between two styles of government. Take, for example, Trudeau's casual comment, "I told Parliament last week." Think of the thunder of difference in this phrase for a citizen south of the border whose isolated President not only doesn't go to Congress, but who doesn't even hold press conferences. He is beyond outside questions, like a monarch.

Mr. Nixon is off now to see Premier Pompidou on the Azores and we have a chance to ponder the Trudeau phenomenon. The bigger issue behind him is Canada itself, the unknown neighbor. Canada neither frightens, entertains nor exasperates us. So America generally relegates it to the region reserved for familiar good neighbors, oblivion. Nothing is so exasperating in life than to be just taken for granted.

While minister of justice in the cabinet of Lester Pearson, Trudeau advocated liberalization of laws on divorce, birth control and sexual relations between consenting adults, even homosexuals. "The state has no place in the bedrooms of the nation," he asserted. His father was a French Canadian farmer's son who studied law and grew rich; his mother was of Scottish Canadian stock. He studied law in Montreal, with graduate work at Harvard, University of Paris and London School of Economics. He was a prominent professor of constitutional law, an urbane, witty bachelor. Then he ran for parliament in 1965, joined the cabinet two years later, was elected head of the Liberal party a year after that which automatically made him prime minister. Just to settle things he called an election and won a landslide. Then he married.

Well, what has this to do with us? Simply that a lot of problems that torment the United States are dealt with reasonably in Canada. Health insurance is virtually universal. They have had family allowances for years. (The mother of every child, rich or poor, gets a pay check.) They have a public-broadcasting system that serves as a yardstick to private industry. Canada gave the vote to 18-year-olds before we did. In many anxious problems on the mechanics of government Canada has answers. Congress is just considering nationally-supervised voter registration: Canada has had it for years even though the country is vast and many parts scantily populated. Enumerators compile lists of eligible voters, printed and posted in public places, which anybody can check. It costs Canada about $1 per voter which, in US terms, would be about $80 million.

How about campaign expenses? In Canada a candidate can spend without any ceiling. But he must maintain records and, following the election, make a public accounting. Since the political parties are more organized and disciplined they put up much of the money.

Lest premature publication of election returns stampede voters who haven't yet gone to the polls, due to different time zones, Canada makes it illegal to publish results before the closing of polls in a particular province. That is leaning over backward, isn't it? Furthermore, radio and TV partisan appeals are banned both on election day and the day before.

Here is Mr. Nixon running things (or trying to) with a legislature controlled by Democrats. This mix-up happens repeatedly. Nobody is responsible for anything. Not in Ottawa. We watched Trudeau at a bilingual press conference here, sitting relaxed under his waved wig of hair, with a modish blue shirt, and speaking in a calm conversational tone (with a little more shoulder-shrugging in French, we thought, than in English). It was interesting to reflect on the two systems. If we had the Ottawa system here Wilbur Mills, Edward Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, Proxmire, Bayh, Fulbright, Mansfield, Mondale and so on to the total 20 or more would be in the Cabinet. They wouldn't have to run for the presidency – the prime minister would be picked automatically by the members of his party in the legislature. The Republican adversaries, led presumably by Mr. Nixon, would sit dramatically facing them. Like a football game, you would always know which team had the ball.

All this sounds pretty abstract, of course. Both systems work reasonably well. But there's question about ours in Washington. Can it react fast enough? Under modern economics, booms and recessions can be controlled by tax changes, but these are cumbersome under separation of powers. Up in Ottawa, Trudeau can get results in weeks; either that or there's an election.

It is appalling how little attention the US pays Canada. Not long ago a test was given to 1000 Canadian and 1000 American high school seniors, the latter picked from 12 separate states along the Canadian border. They were asked simple questions about the other country. All but nine of the Canadians could identify the capital of the US. Only a third of the Americans knew Ottawa was the capital of Canada. Who was the American President? All but one Canadian knew. Only a third of the Americans know the Canadian prime minister. Of the Canadians, 99 percent could name two US states; only two-thirds of the American high school students could name two Canadian provinces. And so on.

It's so in all ranks of life. When Washington studies health insurance it looks to London, not across the border.

When Mr. Nixon, the other day, said that Japan is America's biggest trading partner Canadians writhed; Canada is, of course.

Looking at Trudeau's Old World, sardonic, 18th-century face there at the hotel press conference, it was easy to imagine the exasperation he felt at the sudden imposition of the 10 percent US tariff surcharge. When will Americans look north? What will attract our bored attention to a country ahead of us in several ways? Maybe we should fortify the border after all.

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Back to Busing

Our correspondence (see page 26) attests to the intensity of feeling on the subject of busing. What is the nature of the controversy? Hard-core racist politicians to the side, very few people any longer favor the maintenance of segregated schools, and it is plain that in many places some busing is an indispensable device for dismantling a previously segregated school system. The archetypical case would be one where segregation was itself maintained by busing. But what is meant by segregated schools, and why is it imperative that school segregation be abolished? The kind of segregation to which the 1954 Supreme Court decision in *Brown v. Board of Education* was addressed had been imposed by law. Such segregation was found mainly in the South, but has existed in less pervasive fashion elsewhere, being enforced there not by formal law, but by more or less covert official connivance. It is nonetheless offensive for that. Segregation of this sort must be uprooted, for moral reasons if no other. It is intolerably wrong for governments to enforce in any fashion the separation of the races, and thus inevitably to proclaim that one race is superior to the other. In addition, evidence gathered since the decision in *Brown* suggests that under certain conditions the education of black children is improved when they are moved from a segregated school situation into one with white children. That is the finding of the Coleman Report.

Two further questions arise, however, which are frequently begged, though they are distinct and must be faced. One is whether racial concentration in the schools that results from housing patterns and other factors, is no less morally intolerable than segregation enforced by official action. The other is whether racial balance in schools is a necessary, or necessarily the best, means of giving black children a better education.

The condition of racial imbalance that arises out of residential patterns and other such factors is called *de facto*. Legally enforced segregation is called *de jure*. A distinction between the two has been assumed to exist ever since *Brown v. Board of Education*, and the Supreme Court reiterated this assumption in its decision of last spring which sanctioned busing. The Court has declined all opportunities to reexamine or blur the distinction. Some lower federal courts have done so, but not the Supreme Court. Nor has the Supreme

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Court ever said that when one or another instance of officially induced segregation is found in northern school districts that are otherwise not segregated by law, the remedy must be the institution of racial balance, chiefly through busing in the entire school district. That is our understanding of the matter. In these northern cases the issue is thus not obedience to the Constitution as defined by the Court, but rather, what ought national policy to be, and ought it to be made by the courts or the legislature?

If it is not equally a moral imperative to abolish *de facto* racial concentration in the public schools as it is to disestablish legally enforced segregation, then rational policymakers must consider costs and benefits. The most sanguine reading of the Coleman Report and other available data does not lead us to believe that the attainment of racial balance in the schools is the only, or always the most effective, way to improve the education of black children. The demography of many areas is such that the conditions of balance in which the Coleman Report found educational improvement, are unobtainable. Moreover, racial balance can often be achieved only by sacrificing other social and educational values, chiefly a sense of community. Not universally, but often, busing aimed at assuring racial balance carries very high costs, entails not only the expenditure of funds which are in short supply and could be put to other uses, but of political and administrative resources which are also not in unlimited supply and for which other fruitful employment could be found. Finally, since the country is not prepared to pay the additional costs of closing private schools or incorporating them into the public system, or of restricting the freedom of residential choice which the upper and middle class enjoy, busing not infrequently fails to achieve its goal of racial balance, even after all its other costs have been borne.

Opponents of racial imbalance are concerned, no less than we, with the short-changing of black children. But they are persuaded that only efforts to achieve racial balance, at whatever cost, will yield the desired educational returns. For our part, we would not cut off efforts in that direction: racial balance is an achievable, and for the moment, sufficient objective in many places. In many others, however, we are not so confident that it can be achieved. Nor are we sure what an "ideal" balance is in each instance. Despite the conclusions of the Coleman Report, we suspect that when a court or legislative body assumes it knows the precise, ideal, black-white ratio, experience will often upset that judgment. There are a great many districts where "balance" can be imposed only by somehow breaking up established communities or breaking up established neighborhood schools. We have seen both these things happen. But how much that breakup contributes to better education for black and white is an open question. Because it is, we would like to see far more resources and energy allocated to alternative approaches. That, we take it, is what Charles Hamilton, the black political scientist at Harvard, has in mind when he says, " . . . we should be concerned essentially with quality education, and not with the superficial bringing together of black and white students. . . . The bringing together of black and white students has been primary in our thinking as a result of the pre-1954 mentality. I think that those who do not focus on something else are failing to adapt to the times."

This position is no sort of retreat from the fight against segregation in the South or North. It does rest on the proposition that conditions of racial, ethnic and class residential separation exist and are reflected in the schools, and they are not morally objectionable to the same degree as legally enforced segregation and possibly not morally objectionable at all. This position does reject as inherently implausible and inadmissibly invidious, the notion that the only way black children can be better educated is to place them next to white children. Finally the position rests on what we consider to be the realistic conclusion that unless quite radical measures are taken to restrict middle-class mobility, there are many places in the country – and they are the places where better than half the blacks live – in which for the foreseeable future the model of racial balance subsumed by the Coleman Report is beyond our reach. Something more productive than banging one's head against the stone wall of this reality should, we believe, be attempted. Neither Congress nor anyone else knows exactly how to improve the education of black children. But we ought to try to find ways.

The busing issue has been exploited cynically by people who don't give a hang whether black kids get a good education or not, and who camouflage their racism or indifference in high-blown rhetoric about neighborhood schools or "freedom of choice" or what have you. But that does not excuse others from their responsibility to distinguish when, where and how busing does or does not contribute to improving and equalizing educational opportunities. In some places it is a convenience, in some a necessity, in others an incubus.

COMING: Paul R. Wieck examines the presidential campaign strategy of John Lindsay

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Win, Place, Show

George Gallup's pollsters asked 616 Democrats in November whom they wanted to see nominated for President next year. Because of the "scientific" way in which Gallup selects his sample, the results are considered, by Gallup, to represent the opinions of Democrats who are 18 years old or older. Seventy-two percent of the respondents chose either Kennedy, Muskie or Humphrey. Kennedy leads, with 29 percent; Muskie is second with 24 and Humphrey runs a strong third with 19 percent. No other mentioned potential candidate drew more than 6 percent.

As part of an occasional, unscientific survey of its readers' opinions *The New Republic* in November asked selected subscribers by mail which of nine Democrats they would like to see win the nomination. We have tabulated the 1000 responses received. McGovern is ahead with 35 percent; Muskie, second with 19, and John Gardner of Common Cause is third with 12 percent. Kennedy was the first choice of 8 percent of our sample, followed by Lindsay, McCarthy, Hughes, Bayh and Humphrey, in that order. Humphrey was preferred by 1.6 percent of our sample.

Seeking the Common Interest

The India-Pakistan War

India and Pakistan are at war for the fourth time. There is an understandable tendency to identify the *causus belli* with the situation in East Pakistan. There is truth in this. The abrogation of elections of East Pakistan's chosen leaders; the denial of the peoples' expressed desire for regional autonomy; the bloody suppression of this desire; the enormous flight of millions upon millions of Bengalis – largely Hindus – to India, a country with its own mouths to feed and citizens to house; the desire of Pakistan to preserve its national unity both for political and economic reasons; India's military and diplomatic support for an independent Bangla-Desh; the failure of the world community, including our own country, to exercise early and effective influence toward a political settlement; Kashmir; the partition itself; all are contributing factors.

Since leaving my post as United States Ambassador to the United Nations three years ago, I have tried to avoid second-guessing our government in matters such as this. Too many facts are unknown to one who no longer has access to the diplomatic exchanges which preceded the conflict. Yet, as the official primarily responsible for handling our government's efforts to settle the 1965 war between India and Pakistan, I cannot forebear raising some issues, as a concerned citizen, friendly both to India and Pakistan.

Before doing so, I should like to recall briefly what occurred in the fall of 1965, when war broke out between India and Pakistan over the unresolved question of Kashmir.

It would be disingenuous to say that I did not have views about the attitudes underlying the 1965 war, or do not have about this war. Nevertheless, in 1965, on my advice and that of others, our government scrupulously refrained in the UN and in Washington from publicly or privately passing judgment on who was responsible. We single-mindedly pursued the objective of bringing about a cease fire and restoration of the *status quo ante*. We did not wait until full-scale war erupted. As President of the Security Council at the time, by accident of rotation, I convened the Security Council as soon as troop movements and sporadic fighting were reported, without awaiting the full-fledged conflagration which occurred later and which has occurred now.

It is true that we invoked a Security Council rule permitting the President of the Council to convene a meeting where peace is threatened, but this fooled no one. I was the American Ambassador, and, obviously, the United States was taking the initiative to try to cool the situation before a general eruption.

At the Security Council, we made every effort to avoid any vote before we were able by intensive private negotiations, particularly with the Big Powers, to arrive at a consensus of how the United Nations effectively could act in the matter.

While there are some differences between today's events and those in 1965, there are also similarities. Then, as now, the Soviet Union strongly espoused the cause of India, while China, though not in the UN, both diplomatically and by a limited movement of troops made clear its support of Pakistan. Neither India nor Pakistan, as is the case now, was anxious for the Security Council to assume jurisdiction. Indeed, at one point as a result of a particularly bitter attack by Pakistan's foreign minister against India, the Indian representative walked out on the Council meeting.

But we and other like-minded nations persevered and after prolonged and difficult negotiations at the UN succeeded in having the Security Council adopt three successive and *unanimous* cease-fire resolutions. The first two were not immediately honored but the third, in a strengthened form *demanding* a cease-fire, was honored and the fighting came to a halt on September 22, 1965.

In this connection, it should be noted that the war was brought to an end at the United Nations in September and not as a result of mediation by the Soviet Union at Tashkent in January of the following year.

It is true that the Soviet Union made a considerable effort after the cease-fire and the termination of hostil-

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ities to mediate the Kashmir differences at Tashkent and to restore normal relations between India and Pakistan. In this, Mr. Kosygin and his colleagues were not successful. This is not in denigration of their efforts. Nobody, to date, has been successful in settling the Kashmir dispute or the other long-standing differences between India and Pakistan. The late Frank Graham, acting as the Secretary General's special representative, tried to do so and failed; the United States throughout the years has tried to do so and has failed, and the Soviets found at Tashkent what we have bitterly learned in Vietnam and elsewhere, that the superpowers cannot readily impose their will on other countries in this changing world.

The history I have recounted, however, should not obscure the basic fact that in 1965 the United Nations in unanimity succeeded in having a cease-fire observed and a disengagement of forces take place between India and Pakistan while currently similar efforts to date have been entirely unavailing.

Why the difference today? The basic difference, obviously, is Bengal and what has occurred there. It is unrealistic to believe that a cease-fire and withdrawal, whether ordered by the UN or urged by the superpowers, can occur absent a political solution. The millions of refugees have added an intolerable dimension to the tension which has existed all the years since partition. The Soviet-Indian friendship treaty has freed India to take action which it might have hesitated to take without a firm commitment of Soviet support at the UN and in the field. Perhaps the massing of Soviet troops on the Chinese border has eliminated concerns about Chinese military involvement in the dispute. And perhaps all of these have contributed to the result.

"Relax, man. Think of it as a classic Asian form of birth control."

What is to be now? The President has said we are neutral, and in the sense that this means we should not intervene with troops or arms, he is right. Yet diplomatically, it cannot be gainsaid that we have intervened, and, in my view, unfortunately, by declaring India to be the aggressor and mainly responsible for what occurred. Regardless of the merits, in so doing we have lost, at least for now, our capacity to use our good offices to help settle both the conflict and the political situation in East Pakistan. The UN, in light of what has occurred at the Security Council, likewise seems impotent to act effectively again, at least now. While the General Assembly under the Uniting for Peace Resolution by an overwhelming majority has called for a cease-fire and withdrawal, I doubt that this call will be honored, at least for some time to come. Thus the war will go on, the *status quo ante* changed, soldiers and civilians on both sides killed, land and property destroyed and antagonisms deepened. Moreover, the General Assembly can only recommend and not decide.

Some will say that all wars sooner or later grind to an end. But some wars grind to an end later than sooner. And my experience is that the longer a war goes on, often the harder it is to settle. Wars have a momentum of their own and sometimes continue long after it is apparent to all what the ultimate result will be. If there is doubt about this, look at World Wars I and II and look at Vietnam.

The only hope I see now, and it may be a faint one, for bringing this war to an end and settling the underlying political issue is the interest of India in not fully undermining the partition, with long-range consequences difficult to foretell, and in not promoting similar secessions in West Bengal and Kashmir, and the interest of Pakistan in preserving itself as a nation.

Also and importantly, the United States, the Soviet Union and China have a common interest in containing the conflict and preventing its ending on the basis of a military victory which will leave wounds that will fester for generations. It looks now, if one judges by the UN debates, that there is no recognition by India and Pakistan of the full implications to them of unstabilizing the partition, and that there is no common interest by the superpowers. But UN public debates are often deceptive. They frequently tend to submerge the common interest rather than illuminate it.

The common interest of the superpowers is the maintenance of peace on the subcontinent. They cannot order a settlement but they can use their good offices to urge a reasonable settlement. I do not expect

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them to do this jointly. The intensity of the Soviet-Chinese antagonism precludes joint action. But each of the great powers in its own way can and should be a moderating influence, if only in its own interests. I have already indicated that the United States and the other big powers have some fence mending to do in light of their respective partisan statements.

I venture the hope that through quiet and timely diplomacy by the superpowers in or out of the UN, a way may be found to a settlement of the war based upon two objectives: a political solution of the problem of East Pakistan, including the refugee problem in India, and an end to the war on a basis that both countries can live with. In saying this, I am well aware that day by day this becomes more difficult, for armies are on the march. But surely a fresh effort must be made in the mutual interests of the parties and in the name of our common humanity and world peace and stability.

Arthur J. Goldberg

MR. GOLDBERG *now practices law in the District of Columbia, having served as Secretary of Labor, Justice of the US Supreme Court and US Ambassador to the UN.*

The Nixon Watch

Lobbying Congress

The news that made Thursday, December 2, unique in the President's experience with Congress reached him in the following way. Max Friedersdorf, a White House lobbyist, telephoned the news of Mr. Nixon's third triumph of the day from the House of Representatives to John Nidecker, a junior assistant on the congressional liaison staff. Nidecker jotted "Metro vote – yeas 196, nays 183" on a slip of paper and dashed with it to the President's Oval Office. Admitted to the sanctum, Nidecker gave the note to Clark MacGregor, the Counsel for Congressional Relations. MacGregor read it and handed it to H. R. Haldeman, the President's chief of staff, who deemed it worthy of Mr. Nixon's attention and handed it to him. The President glanced at it and, without comment upon it or discerned reaction to it, proceeded with the business that was occupying him and a crowd of officials, reporters and cameramen who jammed his office.

Mr. Nixon's business at the moment was the induction of his new Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz. Messrs. Nixon and Butz agreed with each other that the President had made the best possible choice of a successor to the previous Secretary, Clifford Hardin, and that the Senate had acted with consummate wisdom in confirming the nomination. "You said you wanted an aggressive, articulate spokesman for agriculture in the White House and, Mr. President, you got him," Butz said to loud applause. The confirmation, voted four hours earlier by the narrow margin of 51 to 44, was the first of the Nixon victories in Congress that day. The second was the surrender of a House-Senate conference committee to the President's threat to veto a pending revenue bill unless the tax reductions provided in it were brought to a tolerable level and a proposal to finance the 1972 presidential campaign with public funds was eliminated. The "Metro vote" to release previously appropriated money for a local subway system was of immediate interest only to the city of Washington and to adjoining counties in Virginia and Maryland. But, for reasons to be explained, it was of great importance to Mr. Nixon. An examination of how the fights for the Butz nomination, the tax-bill changes and the subway money were waged from the White House should give some insight into how the President and the staff lobbyists who do most of the fighting for him deal with a Congress dominated by Democrats.

Clark MacGregor, the chief of the six working lobbyists, is a former Minnesota congressman. Largely at the instance of Attorney General John N. Mitchell, MacGregor stood for the Senate in 1970 and was defeated by Hubert Humphrey. After he was rewarded for his effort with the White House appointment, MacGregor at first went about his job with a show of corny fellowship that amused and repelled many of his former House colleagues. Then he settled down and has since been rated on Capitol Hill as a competent advocate of Nixon causes. His deputy, William Timmons, and the four assistants who do most of the floor work – Eugene Cowen and Tom Korologos in the Senate, Richard Cook and Max Friedersdorf in the House – came to the White House from the staffs of Republican senators, representatives and committee minorities. They are skilled in the ways of Congress and, judged on the total Nixon record, more effective than the harassment and opposition to be expected from the majority Democrats may indicate. But their overall effectiveness turns upon a factor that MacGregor and his assistants can't do much about. This factor is their reputation in Congress for access to the President and for being completely in his confidence.

The official claim is that MacGregor has sufficient access and that he and his assistants have the prestige on Capitol Hill that only it can give. Reporters who get around the Hill more than I do tell me that this is not the impression they have from the leading movers and shakers in Congress. It would be surprising if it were. MacGregor's predecessor, Bryce Harlow, often seemed to senators and representatives to be hurtfully remote from the President although he had

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been associated with Nixon for many years. The truth is that both the nature of Richard Nixon and the organization of the Nixon White House deny the President's lobbyists the access and, what is more important, the reputation for access that are essential if they are to accomplish all they are expected to accomplish and, on occasion, catch hell for not accomplishing.

Mr. Nixon's lust for official privacy, the quality that his senior assistants call "confidentiality," continues to restrict his range of personal contact with the staff. A reason for this that is seldom mentioned at the White House is the care taken by the guardian of his time and energies, Bob Haldeman, to make sure that the President is never pressed beyond the limits of his endurance. Timmons, Cook and Cowen have all the contact they need with the President's top assistants, individually and at the staff meetings that begin each White House day. They rarely have direct contact with the President, and their chief, MacGregor, is admitted to the Nixon presence only when Haldeman allows. Haldeman is sometimes depicted as the devil at the Nixon door, depriving the President of needed contact and advice. MacGregor's subordinate lobbyists don't see Haldeman that way. They are grateful for the contact he permits their chief, for the efforts he makes to keep them clued in with emerging policy decisions, and for the President's look of sustained health and vigor. They attribute this last in part to the protection that Haldeman enforces.

Given the limitations, Mr. Nixon's lobbyists did well for him in the Butz, tax and subway cases. Earl Butz seemed to have everything going against him after the President nominated him in the stated hope that he would be a more convincing and active Secretary of Agriculture than Clifford Hardin had proved to be. Butz, an agricultural professor and school administrator by profession, was also a director of Ralston Purina and an owner of stocks in other big agricultural conglomerates. He seemed on his record to regard the growth of corporate farming and the erosion of the family farm so beloved of politicians with more tolerance and favor than are useful with the rural vote in election years. In a speech deriding Nixon welfare reform and other social measures in early 1971, he displayed a callous indifference to the needs of poor and hungry Americans. There was nothing for MacGregor, Cowen and Korologos to do but make the nomination a straight party issue of loyalty to the President, with side appeals to Democrats who had bigger fish than the Agriculture secretaryship, a job of waning importance, to fry. Gene Cowen's head count, put on paper an hour before the vote, had 51 Senators for Butz, 35 against him, and 10 doubtful. In the event, 14 Democrats voted with 37 Republicans to confirm Butz.

The tax and campaign funding issues became essentially questions of the President's credibility and the credibility of the staff lobbyists who, in the characteristic absence of direct intervention by him, had to speak for him. Was or wasn't Nixon bluffing when he had MacGregor announce that the President would surely veto the revenue bill if it came to him with more tax reductions than he thought wise and, in emphasized particular, if it promised the bankrupt Democrats a $20 million windfall of public funds in 1972? MacGregor, Cowen and Cook, the leaders in the lobby battle, relied mainly upon the details of the story they had to tell about how Nixon was brought to the unprecedented point of flatly guaranteeing a veto.

During Thanksgiving week, when he was at his California home, the entire MacGregor staff united in arguing with the President's chief assistants that the threat of a veto was the only way a House-Senate conference committee could be persuaded to rewrite the bill to Nixon's satisfaction. On the Monday of the President's return to Washington, MacGregor had Attorney General Mitchell waiting at the White House. In a preparatory session with Mitchell, Gene Cowen said that in all the years of his congressional experience he had never known Senate and House Republicans to be as united on any issue as they were against the campaign-funding provision. The crass Democratic play for public help was more than some Democrats could stomach. The capital's host of corporate lobbyists, gentry who seldom spend their credit with Congress on any issue not of primary concern to their employers, was lined up and ready to fight for tax reductions that would help business and against the proposed increase in those that would help individuals. So the chances of sustaining a veto were pretty good, if it came to that. Mitchell, persuaded, joined MacGregor and William Timmons in urging Nixon to guarantee the veto. He did, and the story of how he came to do it convinced the congressional skeptics that he really meant it. Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, the key conference committeeman, sponsored the desired cutback in tax reductions and came up with the campaign compromise, postponing help to Presidential candidates until 1976, that enabled Mr. Nixon to promise approval of the amended bill.

The subway story, briefly told, is simply that Mr. Nixon for once declared himself for something that was right because it was right and, in so doing, aligned himself with an unlikely coalition of House liberals and rank-and-filers who were fed up with arrogant leadership based upon seniority. A mobilization of local business and other factions comparable to the one for the tax-bill changes carried the day. When Clark MacGregor telephoned the President aboard his plane, winging him to Florida for a working weekend at his home there, and gave him the final vote (195-174), Mr. Nixon said "Congratulations" in a rather perfunctory tone. At this writing, his lobbyists have had no further word of thanks.

John Osborne

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Big Unions Get Theirs

Where's Phase II?

Through the haze surrounding Phase II of the President's new economic policy some things are becoming visible. Despite protestations of George Meany & Co., organized labor is faring quite well, and is likely to fare well in the future. It's the unorganized worker and the guy in the small plant and office who will wind up with the short end of the stick. The United Mine Workers' members got all that was coming to them, the railroad signalmen won't face a pay-board challenge on their hefty contract, and the aerospace and dock workers are almost certain to win tacit approval of their contracts once they sign. The auto workers got two increases since Phase II began, totaling more than six percent, and nobody thought to protest. The other big unions no doubt will get their deferred increases, and Congress is on the way to giving 1.2 million industrial workers and countless thousands of schoolteachers retroactive payment of increases which had been due during the 90-day freeze. Labor hasn't lost a single major issue in the pay board.

But even Mr. Meany concedes that the unorganized may get hurt. The boss, in countless offices across the country, now has a guideline to limit increases: 5.5 percent. He's already telling his help, what can I do, the government says limit your raise to 5.5 percent or face a fine, and we all want to help beat inflation, don't we? So the miners get their 16 percent, the signalmen get their 13.5 percent, but the little guy gets, at best, 5.5. We haven't mentioned construction, where a month after Phase II began some craft unions were winning pay and fringe benefit increases up to 33 percent a year.

The same lesson can be read on the business side. The big boys will get some kind of price increase, but the little firm, the one which knows about as much about productivity as my mother-in-law, may find the price commission turning him down or the Internal Revenue Service challenging his increases. Thus the first price increase nixed by the price commission was from a furniture firm doing about one-hundredth the annual sales of General Motors. And, rather ironically, the first union contract challenged by the pay board involved a Chicago grain elevator operator who has a full-time staff of three persons.

A second fact about Phase II is that few people are going to land in court or face a fine for violating the rules. The theme of Phase II, as with the freeze (or Phase I), is voluntary cooperation. In Phase I not a single person, company or landlord was fined a cent for violating the terms of the President's new economic policy. In the few cases (nine so far) which the Justice Department took to court for alleged violations, the government was content to seek injunctive relief or a rollback of prices or wages increased illegally. Under the 1970 Economic Stabilization Act, violators of the new economic policy (now or during the freeze) are subject to fines up to $2500 for each offense. There are moves in Congress to stiffen the penalty, but enforcement of Phase II is under the thumb of only 3000 IRS agents and relatively small staffs in the pay board and price commission. Diligent and capable as these people might be, they are but a handful to keep account and investigate the millions of business transactions which take place daily.

What's also becoming visible is that Phase II isn't likely to last long in its present form. Business remains antagonistic; it doesn't like a system wherein the people who keep a restraint on prices are proving much more diligent and tough than the people who restrain wages (US Steel can raise prices only 3.6 percent). Tenants aren't very happy, because a good many have faced rent increases even under the limited exceptions announced by the price commission. Nor are all of Mr. Nixon's assistants basically happy. George Shultz, who still has the President's ear on most domestic matters, and Herb Stein, the chairman-designate of the Council of Economic Advisers, wouldn't be at all chagrined to see Phase II end. So there is current Washington talk that within five months Phase II will begin to be phased down. The small mom-and-pop businesses will be ruled exempt from the new economic policy, and so will their employes. Next, perhaps a month or two later, the middle-sized companies and their workers will be exempted. That will leave, by early summer, only the giant corporations and giant unions under the economic thumb. Few men in the capital expect them to so remain by election time, 1972.

That being the case, what will Phase II have wrought? Well, inflation should be down to reasonable proportions, (price increases at an annual rate of three percent). It was subsiding, to a degree, even before the new economic policy was born, and surely if the price commission keeps on its present path price increases should come down more. Moreover, there are relatively few major labor contracts up for bargaining in 1972. There are a lot of deferred wage increases due under old contracts, but with few exceptions, the increases are within the 5.5 percent guidelines. A notable exception is the 10 percent increase due hundreds of thousands of teamsters. That scheduled increase could be a major challenge to the pay board. Whether the economy will rebound as the White House thinks and hopes is another question. On paper, the economic consensus for 1972 business looks good, almost too good to be true. A gut feeling, which in this case is shared by a number of top-level business executives, is that 1972 won't be the banner year that Nixon has been describing and that the jobless rate will be around five percent or slightly more by the first Tuesday in November. Something had to

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be done to break the twin problems of inflation and heavy unemployment, and had the President acted much earlier, and in a somewhat different and less comprehensive fashion (a wage and price review board might have been a better solution, to keep an eye on the major sectors of business and labor) the country (and the Republicans) might be in better economic shape even today. But the die for government economic intervention now has been cast, and it will be easier for any future President, and any future Congress, to accept and adopt the idea. Concurrent inflation and unemployment will stare the country in the face again. There seems no doubt about that, considering the present economic makeup of the country, with a limited number of corporations and unions acting to administer prices and wages, with the number of service employes ever outpacing the number of industrial workers and with the Nation's continuing social intolerance of rapidly rising prices and jobless rolls.

Robert W. Dietsch

MR. DIETSCH *writes for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

Cooperatives That Work - I

Health Care In Seattle

by Peter Barnes

Seattle

Not every cranny of the American economy is occupied by profit-hunters. Here and there, over the past hundred years, nonprofit cooperatives have sprung up, providing their member-owners with almost every kind of service or product: credit, housing, electricity, telephones, consumer goods, farm supplies, funerals, health care, schooling. Many of these cooperatives have foundered or been squeezed out of business; others have endured and grown. One notable success has been the Group Health Cooperative of Puget Sound, a one-time black sheep of the American medical world that has lately become a model for health maintenance organizations.

GHC was organized in 1944 by about 200 members of the Grange, the Aero-Mechanics union and other Seattle residents disenchanted with both the cost and methodology of fee-for-service medicine. They decided to organize around four basic principles: control of the co-op would rest with members rather than doctors; election of trustees and major policy decisions would be made on a one-member, one-vote basis; so far as possible a single monthly payment would cover all the health care costs of member families; emphasis would be put on health education and preventive medicine.

With these principles incorporated into a set of by-laws the organizers approached an existing group practice clinic in Seattle with an offer to buy its facilities and contract for medical services. Capital was raised by having each member invest $100, and ultimately an agreement with the clinic was reached.

There were many early hurdles, on any one of which the co-op could have tripped up. Organized medicine in Washington state branded the co-op's form of practice unethical and barred GHC doctors from membership in local medical societies, positions on hospital staffs and certification in numerous specialties. Eventually a court suit brought an end to these exclusions. There was scant actuarial data on which to anticipate costs for the kind of total coverage the co-op provided. A tendency to use co-op jobs as political patronage became a source of some friction, and in 1953 the entire undertaking almost came unhinged when the consumer trustees reinstated a doctor whom the medical staff had fired. Out of that bitter dispute emerged a new joint conference committee, consisting of three doctors and three trustees, to which all potential conflicts between consumers and medical staff have since been referred. No question leaves the joint committee until a consensus among its members has been reached, an arrangement that has contributed to harmony between lay and professional elements.

New members brought in new capital; additional facilities were constructed or purchased. By mid-1971 GHC was providing health care to 145,000 persons, making it the largest consumer-owned group-health practice in the United States. In addition to the original

This is the first of two articles on cooperatives.

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small clinic the cooperative now owns a 300-bed hospital and six neighborhood health centers. A seventh is under construction in Olympia, 60 miles south of Seattle, and more are on the drawing boards.

GHC is often compared with noncooperative health plans, and by almost any measure of comparison it comes off well. Under many prepaid insurance schemes, benefits are obtainable only when a patient is hospitalized; the incentive is thus to hospitalize and to keep patients in hospitals longer. GHC provides outpatient as well as hospital care, with a decided emphasis on the former. This, plus GHC's reliance on salaried doctors rather than fee-for-service, accounts for some startling differences in costs. While the national per capita cost of health care was $226 in 1970, for GHC members it was $143. The biggest savings were in hospital expenses, which averaged $37 per GHC member compared to $112 nationally.

GHC coverage is far broader than that provided by other plans. In keeping with its founders' desire for the maximum possible coverage, GHC service includes medical, surgical and hospital care without time or dollar limits, doctor home calls and visiting nurse calls, all prescribed drugs except tranquilizers, birth control pills and dietary supplements (the co-op keeps drug costs down by buying generically and in bulk), x-rays and laboratory services, physical therapy, worldwide emergency insurance, psychiatric consultations (no charge for up to ten visits per year, $5 for each additional visit) and eye examinations (glasses provided at cost). In order to discourage in-and-out memberships there is a $150 fee for maternity care and abortions. The monthly payment for all this is $44 for a family of four. Kaiser-Permanente, the largest noncooperative group health plan in the country, costs slightly less but does not include full coverage for drugs, X-rays, lab fees, house calls or psychiatric care. Blue Cross and private insurance plans are more expensive and full of loopholes.

Consumers aren't the only ones well-served by GHC; doctors seem quite satisfied. Whereas most physicians are appalled at the thought of lay control of a hospital or health center, GHC doctors are not only accustomed to the idea but seem to find it stimulating. They are, by and large, disdainful of the business side of private medicine and are not underpaid (salaries range from $22,000 to about $48,000 a year, depending on specialty and length of service). They find attractive the interchange of information and advice that group practice facilitates, as well as the continuing review by peers.

What most distinguishes GHC from Kaiser-Permanente and other prepaid health plans is direct consumer control over policy. Kaiser clinics are often factory-like, with colored lines on the floor directing patients from one station to the next; GHC health centers are smaller and less regimented. The doctor-patient ratio at GHC is kept at 1:1050; at Kaiser the ratio is lower and doctors often seem overworked and harried. GHC neighborhood centers hold frequent sessions for members on preventive health-care techniques.

Consumer-owners influence policy in two ways at GHC: collectively through the board of trustees and related committees, and individually through the member-relations department which handles grievances. Board members (there are 11) are elected to staggered three-year terms and serve without compensation. Most have turned out to be professionals of one sort or another and have enjoyed long tenure in office; the leadership of the co-op is thus highly knowledgeable in matters of health care and neither overly awed by doctors nor overly antagonistic. Trustees meet once a month to review operations, set policy and act upon the recommendations of the working committees (made up of doctors, management and laymen); they hire the medical director and hospital administrator, and approve the appointment of each doctor. Once a year there is a membership meeting at which new trustees are elected and major policy questions, such as extent of coverage and level of dues, are decided. "Each time the members have been given the choice of raising dues or curtailing services," notes one of the original staff physicians, Dr. William A. MacColl, "they have voted overwhelmingly to raise dues."

Perhaps the single greatest problem confronting the co-op today is growth. Many members don't want growth; they say that doctor-patient relationships are no longer as personal as they once were, that waiting time for appointments has increased, that member participation at annual meetings has decreased. Co-op officials answer that growth is necessary to preserve a balanced membership (without new members the present patient population would get statistically older and less healthy) and to achieve economics of scale. The pro-growth position has prevailed without much difficulty, but the co-op is careful to grow in as decentralized a manner as possible.

The success of the Puget Sound co-op can probably be attributed to several factors – a relatively middle-class membership, a highly educated group of trustees, and a staff of doctors willing to tread off the beaten path.

Whether GHC's success can be repeated elsewhere hinges partly upon the likelihood of bringing these ingredients together again, and partly upon government policies. There are still 16 states that prohibit the practice of GHC-style group medicine. The federal government has lately taken a liking to health maintenance organizations, but most of its funding for HMOs has gone to providers – *i.e.*, doctors and hospitals – rather than to consumers or community groups. My guess is that there will be few other health-care co-ops like GHC unless middle-class consumer groups become a lot more effective locally and nationally than they now are.

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Mayor Sam Yorty's One-Man Bandwagon

by Bill Boyarsky

A smallish, well-dressed man of 62 is expected this week at the Sheraton Wayfarer Inn in Bedford, New Hampshire. He will be an unusual visitor, a renegade who is disliked and even mocked by most of the established leaders of his profession. A wary outsider, he will look around with cold, unrevealing eyes – the eyes of a man who has had every experience and heard every story. His belly will be flat, his body well-conditioned and ready for a fight. He will be friendly to those around him, but in the end he will keep his own counsel and make his own decisions for he is the only one who really believes he can reach his goal.

He is Sam Yorty, the mayor of Los Angeles, a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination and the man given the least chance of winning the Democratic primary in New Hampshire in March. There are not many more improbable candidates than the man who has been mayor of the nation's third largest city since 1961. When most of his party's leaders want to reorder the nation's priorities toward domestic affairs, Yorty favors raising taxes to expand the military. He advocates an aggressive foreign policy that sounds more like Lyndon Johnson or Barry Goldwater than anything being discussed by other Democratic presidential contenders. Everyone else is glad to be pulling out of Vietnam. Yorty, reluctantly going along with Vietnamization, talks about how the war could have been won if only Johnson had had the guts to give the air generals permission to use all the weapons in our arsenal.

He has run in four statewide California Democratic primaries since 1956 and lost every time. His three victories for mayor were in nonpartisan elections when he could put together a coalition of conservative Democrats and Republicans. In 1960, Yorty supported Richard Nixon over John F. Kennedy and compounded his estrangement from his party by writing a pamphlet attacking Kennedy and bringing up the subject of the late President's religion. He did all he could to help Ronald Reagan defeat Pat Brown for governor in 1966. He stayed neutral when Hubert Humphrey ran against Nixon in 1968. And in 1970, the mayor would not support Democrat John V. Tunney for senator.

Only Rep. Paul N. McCloskey, challenging a Republican party dominated by President Nixon, approaches Yorty in audacity.

Even before he was first elected to office – as a liberal Democratic California state assemblyman in 1936 – Yorty had a singleminded faith in his destiny and a conviction that he was right, whatever the majority thought. "I just don't think that it has ever occurred to the man that he was wrong about anything or anything he has done is immoral or that he has ever made a mistake," said a city official who has worked with Yorty for years.

On a recent Saturday, the mayor and I talked in his City Hall office about the Democrats who have either ignored or made fun of him this year. He pounded a fist against a palm, recalling with pleasure how he had showed them something the night before, speaking in favor of war to a Democratic meeting filled with doves. "I know myself," he said. "They don't. And I know I am trying to tell the people the truth. I have no illusions about what a long shot this is because I'm not spending the millions of dollars all over the place like some of the candidates are. But if I win in New Hampshire, I think the whole thing changes."

Yorty's campaign can't be compared to the elaborate efforts of Muskie, McGovern or Jackson. His first goal is to make a big splash in New Hampshire. A surprisingly large vote – even if it were short of victory – would make him a news sensation and the media, looking for something interesting, would pay more attention to him.

After New Hampshire, he may enter a couple more primaries, such as the one in Nebraska, where he was born. But his main ambition is to win the California presidential primary next June for that would give him the power to bargain at Miami Beach for a cabinet post or anything else he might want.

At first, Yorty expected to have to split the conservative Democratic vote in New Hampshire with Washington's Sen. Jackson, who also favors big defense budgets and speaks of law and order. But now Jackson has indicated he will not run in New Hampshire and will concentrate instead on the March 14 Democratic primary in Florida, a week later. Yorty made two exploratory trips to Florida early in the year, but dropped the idea of running there after failing to find any support. First he went to Miami without success. Then he tried the more conservative northern part of

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BILL BOYARSKY *is a political writer for the* Los Angeles Times.

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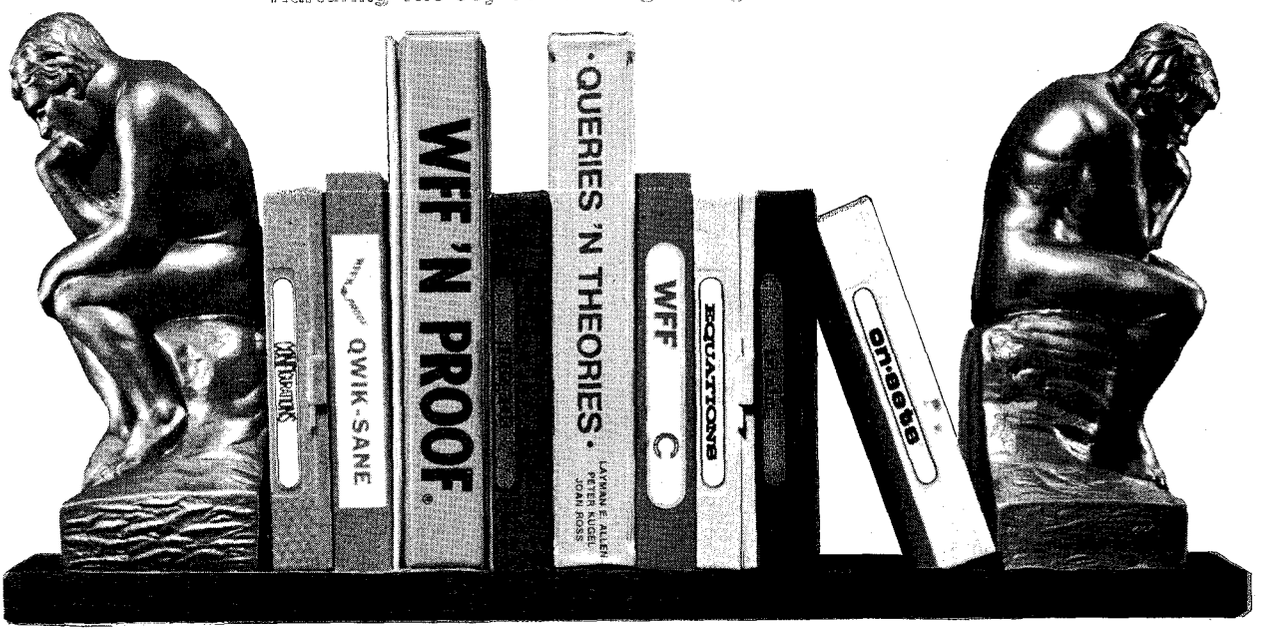

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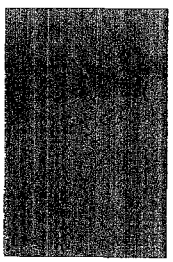

With ON-SETS, Professor Allen and his two associates have again made a significant contribution in games with a goal. The kit of instructions with 18 dice and 16 cards provided in this 30-game package can instruct the 6-year-old in basics of set theory and still extend challenge to any adult exploring the new math. Be warned in advance that ON-SETS will intrigue at the start and, far from being forgotten after the basic challenges have been explored, will continue to provide enjoyment over a long period. DATA PROCESSING DIGEST.

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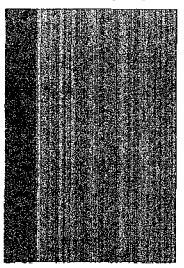

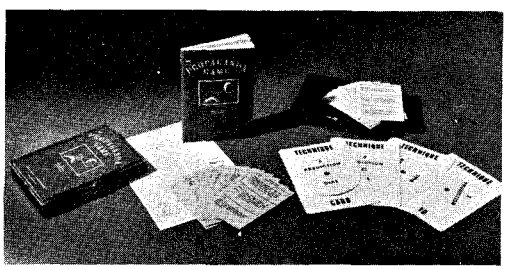

In a democratic society such as ours, it is the role of every citizen to make decisions after evaluating many ideas. It is especially important then that a citizen be able to analyze and distinguish between the emotional aura surrounding the idea and the actual content of the idea. It is to this goal of clear thinking that THE PROPAGANDA GAME addresses itself.

LORNE GREENE

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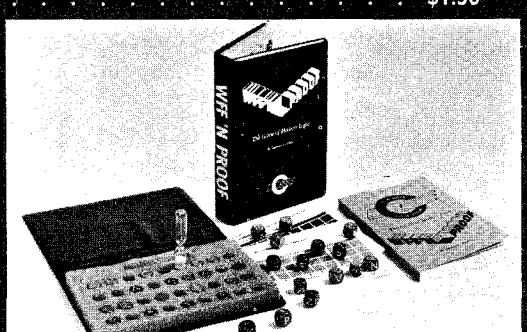

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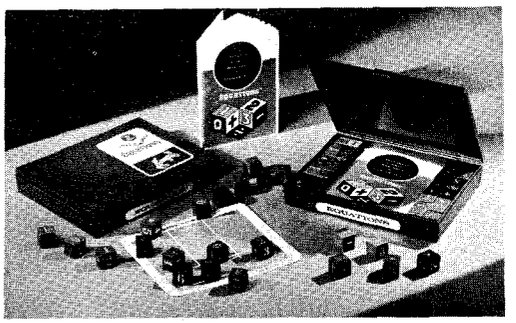

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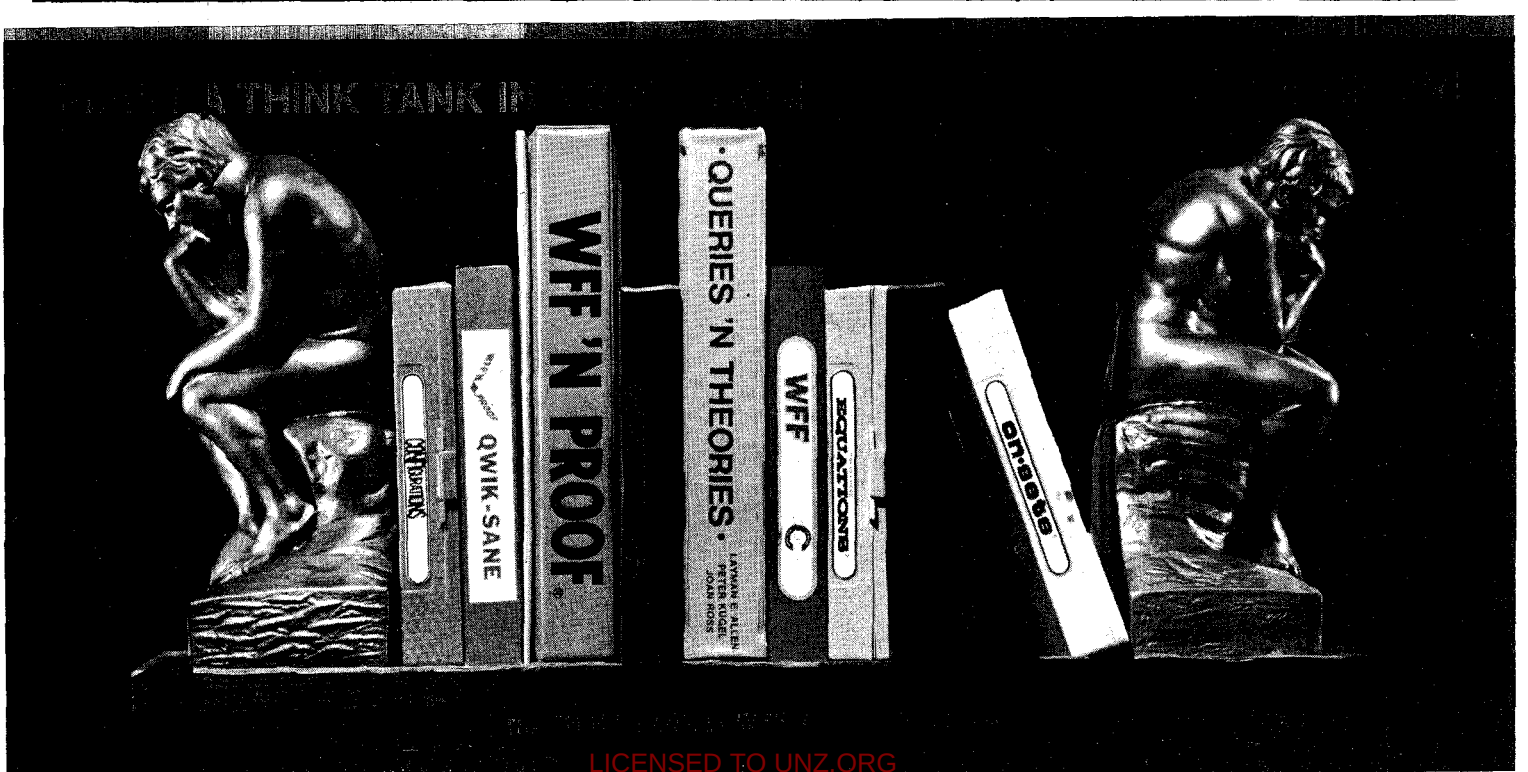

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the state. He found a good portion of the elected Democratic officials there lining up for Sen. Jackson.

That leaves Yorty facing Muskie and McGovern in New Hampshire. Yorty is good news for McGovern, who hopes he will cut into the vote of Muskie, the favorite. Somewhat apprehensive about Yorty, Muskie's New Hampshire headquarters released a statewide poll showing the Maine senator running far ahead – and Yorty getting only one percent of the vote. Yorty's advertising agency in New Hampshire took a much more limited random telephone sampling of voters in Manchester and said it showed Yorty slightly ahead of Muskie.

A campaign as limited as Yorty's does not require large amounts of money for a national organization. As a loner, Yorty doesn't like staff people or speech writers around him. His campaign manager is a part-timer, Sam Bretzfield, a genial, shrewd Los Angeles women's clothing manufacturer who used to be a Ronald Reagan Republican. Yorty and Bretzfield have raised enough of the $250,000 it takes for an effective campaign in small New Hampshire. The money came from the people who have been filling the mayor's political treasury for years – those doing business with the city, appointees repaying the mayor for the honors he has bestowed upon them, conservative businessmen who admire the freedom and support Yorty has given to the city's tough, law and order police chief, Edward M. Davis. With the money, Yorty has lined up the beginnings of a substantial New Hampshire organization, led by Robert Philbrick, a hard-working and effective conservative Democrat who was active in that segment of the party that supported Johnson against Eugene McCarthy in 1968.

Most important, the right-wing Manchester *Union Leader*, the only statewide newspaper, has endorsed Yorty and publisher William Loeb is making sure he is well-publicized.

Yorty has been a popular object of jokes, mostly about his fondness for globe-girdling missions he says promote city trade and for his frequent visits to Vietnam to talk to the generals. He is disliked by many Democrats and liberal Republicans for his 1969 campaign against City Councilman Thomas Bradley, the black former police officer who opposed him for a third term. The mayor was condemned as a racist for saying Bradley's election would mean left-wing, black militant control of the city.

In the Los Angeles City Hall, however, intelligent people don't dismiss Yorty. "The mayor cannot be underestimated if you care who is going to be President of the United States," says City Council President *pro tem* Billy G. Mills, a well-respected black Democratic leader who often opposes Yorty. "Of all the mayors I have ever worked with, Yorty is the best politician," says John S. Gibson Jr, the City Council president who has served with the last three mayors.

Under the city charter, Yorty shares responsibility with the City Council and fights with the councilmen most of the time. Within the areas of government under his jurisdiction, the mayor keeps close control, scribbling instructions to underlings on little yellow pieces of paper and sending them around City Hall. There have been scandals. In 1968, the *Los Angeles Times* won a Pulitzer Prize by uncovering conflict of interest and bribery cases in his administration. Four of his commissioners were convicted – convictions that were reversed in two cases. Another commissioner was found dead in the harbor in what police said was an accidental drowning.

The biggest complaint about Yorty is that he is bored with City Hall and is never around when there is a crisis. When the Watts riots got bad in 1965, the mayor was in San Francisco making a speech. And in recent years, he has taken little interest in his most important job, preparing the city budget.

The police are among his strongest supporters. "Sam Yorty, without anyone asking him, is an automatic champion of safety on the streets and whatever it takes to do that within reason, he either volunteers it or he supports it," says Police Chief Davis. "And I'm the only major city chief in the country, perhaps outside Chicago, who can make that statement."

After years of combat with him, City Councilman Mills analyzed Yorty's strengths this way: "The mayor has an uncanny ability to detect what the common mood is. That faint strain of commonness that runs through our community is the position he will take."

Last month, Yorty toured New Hampshire for three days. The crowds were small, but I was surprised at the way they listened to him. At a Roman Catholic High School in Manchester, the student body sat bored by his rambling, long speech. But at the end, he accused President Johnson of letting American troops down by refusing to give them all the technological power at our command. The students applauded long and loud and gave the mayor a standing ovation. The same speech a day later drew the quiet and sympathetic attention of an interested group of slightly more than 50 service club members and Democrats at Berlin, an industrial town in the northern part of the state. Not big news, of course. But interesting.

Yorty's political style should worry his foes the most. He is not a gentleman like Muskie, McGovern or Jackson. No senatorial courtesy for Sam Yorty, no friendly relationships with important reporters or other opinion makers. Yorty is a street fighter, a spoiler who enjoys bloodying an opponent's nose as much as he likes winning an election. There is not much of a chance of his winning in New Hampshire. But one City Hall official compared him to Pigpen, the character in Peanuts who needs a bath and stirs up a cloud of dirt wherever he goes. The Democrats who are laughing at him should remember that.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Old Times
(Billy Rose)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue
(Eugene O'Neill)

Criticism of Harold Pinter has its funny side. On the one hand, there's Pinter, disclaiming scheme or theme, replying with (I think) proper tartness to those who ask him to explain his plays. On the other hand, there are the critics, explaining them, panting to supply what Pinter doesn't want. His dislike of criticism is not the usual one, a reaction to assault; quite the reverse. He is adulated, and he still doesn't want all that decoding and classifying. Yet they persist. A good example is the recently published "casebook" on *The Homecoming*, in which Pinter flatly states he has nothing to say about the play. "It exists, and that's that." Yet the book contains essays, each of which tries to fit the play into a critic's view of it as ethology or Freud or parodic Restoration comedy or something else.

The critics are quite right, of course: anyone who is moved by an artwork has an esthetic right to try to understand why. And Pinter is also quite right; he has no obligation to explain or to accept explanations. And, possibly, *I'm* quite right, too! – to chuckle at all the above as I proceed to "interpret" his new play.

It's relatively easy to "decipher" a plot and theme in *Old Times*, which I mean to do and then move on from it. It has only three characters. An English couple in their 40s are visited in their country home by a former girlfriend of the wife's whom she hasn't seen in 20 years. As single girls, they shared an apartment in London. It's easy to demonstrate that the two used to have a lesbian relation in atmosphere if not in fact; that the husband knew them at the time, although he and they now pretend he didn't; that there's a threat that the lesbian relation will be resumed, and that the husband breaks down and cries for pity at the end. I put all this more clearly than the play does. Pinter uses overlaid "exposures" as in photography. Details do not quite jibe. Time is constantly past *and* present, as in cubist painting that shows us simultaneous views which would be impossible simultaneously in life. But my précis is supportable.

Construed from this story, the theme can be seen as the power of the female – to create a realm in which the male is trapped, a kind of golden moist web woven by women laterally through time; within which men can strut for a bit but are finally subordinated. In short, the world as the realm of Astarte-Lilith-Erda, with men allowed to delude themselves about mastery. It's not a new Pinter theme. At the end of *The Homecoming*, the one woman is seated with two of the play's toughest men kneeling next to her, begging for affection. At the end of *Old Times*, the one man has wept, then kneeled with his head on his wife's lap, while the other woman waits prone on a bed.

I don't contend that this theme was carefully selected by Pinter. He himself has said that the play began for him with a flash of "two people talking about someone else," and his statement fits what we know of his methods: that he's largely an intuitive "automatic" writer, whose real work of design begins only as the words begin on paper. What lies behind this process is the esthetic history of this century.

Since art began, every artist has known that he had in him something unsayable which he was trying to express within the conventions of his art and that he was, to some degree, failing to express it fully because of those conventions, which still were his means of expressing what he *did* manage to express. The better the artist was the more keenly he felt the failure. Shakespeare, I'm sure, felt that he had failed.

In this century, artists of all kinds have begun to try various means to circumvent that failure, to circumvent the conventions of their art and to say the unsayable without the mediation of traditional forms. This is essentially the impulse behind, say, Cage's music, Artaud's theater and various kinds of abstract and action painting. Pinter's playwriting can be seen as classic surrealism, dealing with well-defined objects arranged in such a way that the point is not in their detail – the fine details are in a way a deliberate deception – but in the trajectory outlined by the way they are deployed, in the space they enclose, in the surprise and shock and laughter that the succession of these details arouses in us.

In this view the *audience* writes the play (as the audience writes Cage's music) within boundaries described by the author and in response to data and stimuli that he supplies. The pauses and silences specified in Pinter's scripts are not only musical similes, they are opportunities to "catch up"; the play rests for a moment while you draw abreast of it in simultaneous creation.

Of course this process of audience collaboration is not exclusive to surrealists. It's part of all esthetic experience, but it's a much greater part when the work's primary purpose is not mimesis or representation but to open a direct conduit between the deepest region of the author's psyche and ours.

How, then, do value judgments pertain? Once an author establishes that he

(continued on page 29)

Films Worth Seeing

Carnal Knowledge. Mike Nichols has invested a lot of good direction, and Jack Nicholson some good acting, in Jules Feiffer's two-dimensional script about tail-chasing US males.

Desperate Characters. Best film on this list. Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars as a contemporary liberal bourgeois – therefore beleaguered – couple. Frank D. Gilroy wrote and directed. Don't miss.

The French Connection. Whammo. A thriller that really thrills – about drugs in Marseilles and New York. Topnotch cast, jet-line direction by William Friedkin.

The Go-Between. 1900 England is lovely to look at. Script is portentous but vacuous. Good performances, though, from all except Julie Christie. Joseph Losey directed well, for a change.

Sunday Bloody Sunday. Glenda Jackson's performance and Penelope Gilliatt's dialogue make this enjoyable. But John Schlesinger's direction is far below *Midnight Cowboy*, and this tale of a hetero-homo triangle is much manner and little matter.

SK

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Babe Ruth Still In His Heaven

Baseball: The Golden Age 1903-30
by Harold Seymour
(Oxford University Press; $12.50)
They Call It a Game
by Bernie Parrish
(Dial Press; $7.95)
High for the Game
by Chip Oliver. Edited by Ron Rappoport
(Morrow; $5.95)
. . . and Every Day You Take Another Bite
by Larry Merchant
(Doubleday; $6.95)
Joe Paterno: "Football My Way"
by Mervin D. Hyman and Gordon S. White Jr.
(Macmillan; $6.95)
The All-American Dollar: The Big Business of Sports
by Joseph Durso
(Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)
The Old Ball Game: Baseball in Folklore and Fiction
by Tristram P. Coffin
(Herder and Herder; $6.50)
Black Coach
by Pat Jordan
(Dodd, Mead; $5.95)

Among the several wastelands of American journalism, none has been more barren than the sports page. Sport in its infinite manifestations is, as the books here under consideration variously attest, a force of enormous impact on our national life, and in recent years it has been surrounded by controversy of a most intricate and penetrating nature. Yet in the sports pages it is – with an occasional and often tentative exception – business as usual.

Nestled among advertisements for haberdashery, liquor and automobile supplies, the sports page is an exercise in the journalism of escape. For the fan, of course, spectator sport is very frequently followed for precisely that reason, so when readers complain about coverage it is far less likely to involve substantive matters of editorial tone and direction than questions of trivia: Why didn't you bums get the UCLA score in the third edition? Otherwise, sports-page readers seem content to let the sportswriter sit, with them, in the cheering section: applauding the civic spirit and financial sacrifice of owners, the humanitarianism and earthy wisdom of coaches, the selflessness and character of players, the patriotism and divine inspiration of all who gather at the shrine of sport – all this done in prose guaranteed to rattle the teeth of even the most complacent grammarian.

On the sports pages, Babe Ruth's in his heaven and all's right with the world. Yet things are not, quite demonstrably, all that right. Racial tensions are playing havoc with high-school athletic programs, and vicious battles between fans are now as common as extra points. A financial crisis in intercollegiate athletics has been compounded by increasing student and faculty criticism of the values, purposes and internal workings of big-time sports. Professional athletes are grumbling that owners exploit them while coaches treat them like infants, and their player associations are becoming more militant by the day. The dominance of sport by television is by now almost absolute. The proposed merger of the professional basketball leagues, combined with the departures of the baseball Senators from Washington for Texas and the football Giants from New York for New Jersey, have put Congress in an angry mood that may result in profound changes in the structure of professional sport.

These developments are reported in sports pages and magazines, to be sure, but inadequately and with evident hostility to the dissidents. When Jim Bouton revealed in *Ball Four* that baseball players are real people, subject to distinctly ordinary foibles, he was roundly vilified in the sports press as a traitor to the game. Worse things were said about Dave Meggyesy, whose *Out of Their League* took a radical's view of pro football; he was generally dismissed as a comsymp, if not worse. Curt Flood's antitrust suit against baseball got a bad press, and when his attempt at a playing comeback ended in pathetic frustration, the glee of much of the press was only barely restrained. As for Muhammad Ali, it is unlikely that any American athlete has been so extravagantly smeared, and not since Jack Johnson has one been exposed to attack so patently racial in motivation.

The average sportswriter is first of all a fan, and that goes a long way toward explaining his hostility to nonconformists. More than likely he started hanging around locker rooms in high school, wrote sports for his college newspaper, and headed for the nearest sports department (or sports publicity office) as soon as he graduated. Nothing in his training encouraged him to be either critic or skeptic – as, say, journalistic tradition trains the city-hall or political reporter. Instead, his relationship with the people he covers is essentially symbiotic: he gets to travel with the team, to occupy a privileged press-box seat, to live out the Nixonian dream of easy intimacy with the high and mighty of sport; in return, he produces enthusiastic dispatches, helps promote and dramatize forthcoming contests, and compliantly passes over news of dissension, misbehavior and other matters that "might hurt the team." Sports people have little respect for sportswriters, and it is not hard to see why.

Yet if the sports press is predominantly sycophantic, there is enough intelligent, independent sportswriting being done to suggest the possibilities of the field. *Sports Illustrated*, though it has its lapses into cheerleading (especially for college sports), publishes writing of quality and has a few contributors

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who maintain a refreshing degree of skepticism: William Johnson, Robert Boyle, Frank Deford, Jack Olsen, Robert Jones, Edwin Shrake. Pete Axthelm of *Newsweek* takes no guff, nor did Leonard Schecter of *Look*. Roger Angell writes ethereal baseball pieces for *The New Yorker*, and flays the magnates of the game with great spirit. A few newspapers are beginning to hold their sports pages to the standards they apply elsewhere, among them *The Los Angeles Times*, *Newsday* and *The New York Times*–though the latter did itself and its readers no service by permitting Robert Lipsyte, the best young sportswriter around, to disappear from its pages.

Still, the most provocative writing about sports is being done in the relative freedom of books, and their number is increasing at epidemic proportions; the eagerness with which the publishing industry churns them out indicates that there is more of a market for locker-room muckraking than sports-department traditionalists would admit. Most of these books are ephemera, especially those in which sportswriters have had a hand, and more often than not they conform to the unwritten rule that sports journalism must be graceless and clichéd; but it is nonetheless in books that we are getting the closest thing to a clear look at the business of sport.

That sport is now indisputably a business on almost every level above the sandlot is the chief conclusion one draws from a reading (an exhausting, mind-deadening task if ever there was one) of these eight books. But there are other more or less common threads as well: that the big-money boys who bankroll sport are taking players and public alike for as long a ride as the traffic will bear; that sport, meaning collegiate as well as professional, is in only the early stages of a monumental labor-management headache; that sport is increasingly, sometimes cynically, used to make a case for political and religious conservatism; that the troubles within sport rather sharply mirror those that beset society as a whole.

The most valuable of the books, one in which many of these themes plainly emerge, is Harold Seymour's *Baseball: The Golden Age*. The second in what is to be a three-volume history of the game, it covers the years 1903-30 and is concerned less with the playing field than the counting house. Seymour is obviously and ardently a fan, but that does not blind him to the greed, mendacity and callousness of the men who manipulated baseball during the years we now nostalgically regard as "golden." With devastating documentation, he portrays the contrast between the beauty of the game on the field and widespread dishonesty off it – dishonesty so pervasive that it created an atmosphere in which the game itself could be soiled, as in the 1919 Black Sox scandal, "a culmination of corruption and attempts at corruption that reached back nearly twenty years." The scandal was no aberration; it was the fairly predictable product of a system in which players were cheated and underpaid, gambling was routine, and management was utterly indifferent to the public it served.

Such corruption is almost entirely a thing of the past, largely because of reaction to that scandal, and Bernie Parrish's hints in *They Call It a Game* that the fix is on in pro football must be placed in the category of mean-spirited rubbish. Yet that must not be allowed to diminish the importance of those sections of the book in which he charges that football is, in its way, as much a cynical business as baseball ever has been. Parrish, who not long ago was a good defensive back for the Cleveland Browns, has a sharp eye for figures and catches the football potentates in what seem to be some glaring instances of balance-sheet legerdemain; a chapter on the financial affairs of the Dallas Cowboys is particularly revealing. He also goes on at some length about hassles between the owners and the Players Association, having unkind words for both but coming down hardest on the owners for their ham-handed attempts to turn the association into a puppet of management.

A severe case of sour grapes makes Parrish a less effective critic, but his book has more substance to it than Chip Oliver's *High for the Game*. Oliver, another disillusioned ex-player, has some pointed things to say about the "coach-to-player, superior-to-inferior" relationship, but he is mainly a Love Generation linebacker whose idea of Paradise is "a team living together . . . as brothers, sharing brown rice and doing everything in the spirit of meditation, including football practice." Football may be brutalizing, as Meggyesy argued earlier, but brown rice does not seem to be the answer.

Brown rice might, though, be the answer that would appeal to the inventive mind of Larry Merchant, whose . . . *and Every Day You Take Another Bite* is an exceedingly funny, perceptive book. Merchant, of *The New York Post*, is a disciple of the laudable theory that impertinence ought to be a sportswriter's primary weapon. He has some marvellous comments on the holy alliance between football and superpatriotism (the NFL, he says, goes to "the Pentagon Rent-a-Plane Agency, or vice versa," for halftime fly-bys); football and God ("The Reverend Billy Graham has revealed exclusively that St. Paul was 'an avid sports fan' "); and ballplayers ("Open up a ballplayer's head," he quotes a veteran baseball man as saying, "and you know what you'd find? A lot of little broads and a jazz band"). His sassy prose is a necessary antidote to the NFL's pompous self-promotion, and the book's title nicely reflects the spirit in which it was written; it comes from the philosophy of Joe Schmidt, Detroit Lion head coach, that "life is a shit sandwich, and every day you take another bite."

A journalism considerably less inspired than Merchant's is that of Mervin Hyman and Gordon White, whose *Joe Paterno: "Football My Way"* is a hagiography of the Penn State coach. Granted, Paterno seems to be a good guy, but things get out of hand: "This, then, is Joe Paterno. Football coach, intellectual, maverick, philosopher, social worker, leader, gambler, idealist, Romanticist, humanist, activist." No wonder Paterno authorized the book. But despite the honeyed prose, he comes through as more open to dissent than most coaches, distressed by the evils of the recruiting system,

Years End

Sweep up dust and green,
Sweep up rust and sorrow,
What is unseen
May shape tomorrow.

Walk toward the moon
It will come no nearer,
Nothing is soon
Nothing is clearer,

Than the heart's void
The mind's measure
The burden of love
Laid down forever.

Laid down to keep
Till the heart gives over
And death joins
Lover and lover.

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

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and aware that football on the campus ought to be "just another extra-curricular activity." In the hands of someone other than a brace of old-fashioned sportswriters, Paterno might be interesting.

When sportswriting reaches for the Big Picture, the results vary widely. Joseph Durso of *The Times*, taking on a promising subject in *The All-American Dollar*, reduces it to little more than a paste-up job of familiar stories of how boom days have come to the business of sport; the book contains no really serious inquiry into the complex questions raised when sport becomes dominated by money. In *The Old Ball Game*, Tristram Coffin has an equally promising notion: baseball in American life and legend. Some of his points are well-taken: the function of baseball lingo in American speech, the game as an "outlet for the underprivileged," sportswriters as mythmakers "who rapidly learned the profit in recording real players and real ballgames in terms of Frank Merriwell's never-never land." But his comments on serious baseball fiction are most unsatisfactory, and on the whole the book is slight: a good idea unfulfilled.

A subject of the sort that sportswriting usually shies away from is central to Pat Jordan's *Black Coach:* the role of high-school football in desegregation. The book, which is very well-written, is about a black man named Jerome Evans, who was named head coach when the white and black schools of Burlington, NC, were merged. The coach of the white school was kicked out to make room for him, setting off a local chain reaction that lasted the entire 1970 season. Jordan is much less concerned with what happened on the field (the team, in fact, did very well) than with the impact of Evans on the town and that of the town on Evans. It is not a roaring success story: compromises and accommodations are made, the town moves an inch or two along the road of progress, but there is great bitterness and, in the end, a sense as powerful as ever of the distance between black and white.

That is the real reason why Jordan's book is good: it recognizes that sport is a part of life, not an unimportant one, and that life is more complex than sports-page headlines. The story is often not who won, or how, but in what way the game, the players and the audience reflect the society of which they are a part. The best baseball fiction – novels by Ring Lardner, Mark Harris, Bernard Malamud and Robert Coover – has recognized that. So does the best sports journalism: it avoids mythmaking, places sport in perspective, and acknowledges that the English language is a delicate instrument to be handled with respect – that the old clichés and the old reportorial forms ought to be abandoned. The good young sportswriters – Jordan, Merchant, Axthelm, Lipsyte, Deford, Angell – are working to those purposes. The trouble is, there are so damnably few of them, and even fewer places in the profession where their efforts are appreciated and encouraged.

Jonathan Yardley

Notable

The Little Red Schoolbook
by Soren Hansen and Jesper Jensen
Wallace Roberts, American edition editor

(Pocket Books; $1.25)

For a starter the authors announce that "grown-ups are only paper tigers." They then proceed to set themselves up as true tigers, a strategy depressingly characteristic of contemporary anti-authoritarians. They lay down truth and law for 250 small pages with an elementary prescriptiveness that no daddy could begin to get away with, telling young ears how little teachers know, how to handle parents, what's wrong with the "track" systems; asserting that a teacher shouldn't "make assumptions about you and your abilities," that having exams at the end of every year "wastes a lot of time, both for students and teachers," that tobacco and alcohol are definitely bad but nobody knows about marijuana. It is an old-fashioned dos-and-don'ts book with reverse English; what is depressing is that in the new world the dos and don'ts, the yesses and noes, are not regarded as matters of decorum – that is, conventions of conduct and belief that an orderly society has agreed upon – but truths of a higher order. Why the authors should set themselves up as the higher order is a matter not discussed.

After appearing first in Denmark the book was banned in England (it also had trouble with the authorities in France, Belgium and Switzerland) for alleged porn. So now the American publisher is of course capitalizing upon this history.

Out of My Time
by Marya Mannes

(Doubleday; $7.95)

The author was born in 1904 to two musical luminosities, David Mannes and Clara Damrosch, who founded the still successful Mannes College of Music in New York. Her brilliant brother, Leopold, was the co-developer of Kodachrome color film, and her uncle was Walter Damrosch, the esteemed conductor. Marya was raised in the warmth of bourgeois comfort and cultural riches. An unfaltering, loving audience applauded each early talent and its unrestrained exhibition.

After graduation from an exclusive private school, she was permitted to complete her education in Europe rather than at college. There, the doors of the literary, aristocratic and artistic world were opened for the tall, beautiful American. Names of the great appear like pellets of pearl. It was the age of Scott Fitzgerald, and Marya sat at the same pool's edge. Upon her return to New York, she married the first of three husbands. Nameless though he remains in her book, his brilliant work in the theater served to introduce her first dramatic "pancakes."

Miss Mannes' career in the years following has been a procession of successful journalistic ventures with various magazines, as well as forays into drama, poetry, fiction. In addition, she is a well-known TV commentator, an early spokesman for women's lib, and a pyrotechnical adversary of philistinism and human polluters. Her productivity has been extensive and continuous, dealing with such varied social causes as elimination of urban blight, abolition of the draft, acceptance of abortion, and solicitude for the elderly. But now she is down to autobiography.

Out of My Time is not on the same level as Miss Mannes' thoughtful works, *More in Anger, But Will It Sell,* and *The New York I Knew.* A strain of sterile egotism diminishes her impact. For whom did she write the book? It is a simple looping of a sophisticated activist's life from birth to the present, including the traditional posed family photographs. The structure is so guileless and the content so bland that even the author's most admirable achievements are reduced to chintz.

COMING: Gilbert Harrison reviews Bill Mauldin's new book

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Reconsiderations

Upton Sinclair's *Boston*

In October, 1923, after his visit to the Charlestown prison, Upton Sinclair received a brief note from Bartolomeo Vanzetti thanking him for his efforts with his "golden pen" in behalf "of the truth and of the freedom" and assuring him that "what you have said about my innocence is but the truth." Then, as he was to do with so many of his new friends whom he suspected of canonizing him, Vanzetti added a disclaimer which continued to haunt Sinclair. "I understand the reasons by which you were advised to exalt me far beyond my little merit," he wrote. "If

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Boston
by Upton Sinclair

(Originally self-published in 1928. Now available from Scholarly Press, Inc., in 2 volumes; $21.00.)

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there is a little goodness in me – I am glad of it – but I do not deserve your praisers. I think that there are some prisoners within these very four walls which exile me from society, which are much better than I am." Like all of his defenders who came to know Vanzetti in the course of his ordeal, Sinclair remained baffled by the deceptive simplicity of the man, the volatile mixture of artlessness and sophistication, passion and resignation, objectivity and outrage, contradictions left unresolved by his death four years later. Sinclair's decision to write a novel about the Sacco-Vanzetti case was made on the night of August 22, 1927, when word of the executions reached him in California. The result within a year was *Boston*, a sprawling 750-page novel which traces the history of the case from its beginnings in a prewar labor dispute in Plymouth to the disruption of the funeral procession on the outskirts of Roxbury twelve years later.

Boston is dominated throughout by the figure of Vanzetti, the man of "a little goodness" who seemed to Sinclair at once a genuine alien in a land of terror-stricken businessmen and a native radical agitator whose ideals lay deep in the American prophetic grain. If the real Vanzetti was indeed a study in contradictions, Sinclair's portrait of him derives its strength from just this sure sense of the contrarieties and contrapuntal qualities of the radical temperament, a recognition which makes *Boston*, despite its severe artistic limitations, a major document of the twenties and still a powerful novel.

To raise the ghost of Sinclair's esthetic failings at this late date requires a word of explanation. Those of us who read him in the late thirties and forties – studying *The Jungle* or *Oil!* in college surveys as examples of the muckraking novel and following the peregrinations of the eternal wanderer Lanny Budd – did so, I suspect, with distinct feelings of self-indulgence and the full knowledge that Sinclair was deliberately flouting all the rules for what we then called the "social novel." He insisted that literature was primarily a weapon in the class war, and charges that he idealized the workers and caricatured businessmen he airily dismissed with the reminder that since he himself had lived in both worlds he might be expected to know their inhabitants. Confronted with such ingenuousness, it seemed best simply to take him as we found him, knowing that he was impervious to criticism.

Such tolerance has no doubt increased in the intervening quarter-century which has seen the social novel reduced to shambles, art inverted in various "anti-" postures, politics replaced by ritual, and class consciousness supplanted by community. Approaching *Boston* as an esthetic experience is akin to examining *American Gothic* in terms of the canons of minimal art. Yet somehow the feeling persists that Sinclair's identification with Vanzetti places both of them in an established American tradition, and that assessing the strengths and weaknesses of *Boston* might help to illuminate those qualities peculiar to the American radical.

Sinclair defined *Boston* as a "contemporary historical novel" which he admitted was an unusual art form. So far as it concerns Sacco and Vanzetti themselves the novel is not really fiction but an attempt at history. Paralleling this account of the case, however, is a tale of high finance and business intrigue constructed out of fictionalized villains whose success in avoiding punishment for their misdeeds is intended to contrast vividly with the fate of the two anarchists. *Boston* is thus two novels: the first a bad romance composed by a self-proclaimed poet in the sentimental style of the Victorian age; the second a taut and carefully controlled account of the Sacco-Vanzetti case compiled by the historian-investigator who searches the records to find the meaning of their deaths.

The "fictionalized" novel opens on the funeral of Josiah Quincy Thornwell, twice governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, leading manufacturer and philanthropist, Republican spokesman and Brahmin par excellence, whose untimely demise has left his widow, the sixty-year-old Cornelia, in the clutches of the unloveliest set of daughters since Goneril and Regan. Driven from her gracious home by the squabbling of her family whose greed she has come to loathe, the "runaway grandmother" appears incognito in Plymouth where she goes to work in the cordage factory for six dollars a week, takes a room with the Brini family, and meets Vanzetti with whom she forms a deep and lasting friendship. "Nonna," as Bart calls her, comes to understand the basic injustice of the capitalist system and to respond to Vanzetti's vision of a world made totally free. She and her granddaughter Betty, a spirited suffragette whom the family has reluctantly consigned to her keeping, are in Europe drinking at the fountains of continental radicalism, when word reaches them of Vanzetti's arrest. They rush home and are immediately swept up in the swirling cross-currents of the case. Betty, converted to communism, sees in the case the promised end to liberalism. Cornelia, torn between her inherited and adopted worlds, rejecting the avarice of her family but not the liberal creed of men like William G. Thompson and Felix Frankfurter, is not so sure. Her own personal crisis comes early in the case with a defense request that she perjure herself by supplying Vanzetti with an alibi which the establishment in deference to her social position will not question. She refuses and can only watch helplessly as the judicial machinery crushes Sacco and Vanzetti. On the eve of the executions she visits Vanzetti hoping he will renounce violence when reminded of

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Comrade Jesus, only to be told that all he wants is justice "not for us, nor for vengeance, which is a wicked thing." Of his martyrdom Vanzetti says simply: "Tell our friends it is joy, not grief, it is success, not failure." Exhausted, Cornelia returns to her Beacon Hill apartment, the scene of a frenzied last-minute attempt to stay the executions, and tells the young militants: "Let me be quiet! I have been talking with God."

The flaws which mar all of Sinclair's fiction abound in *Boston:* a resolute refusal to create believable characters; overreliance on the "two nations" design with its heavy-handed irony; and repeated intrusions of the author as the amanuensis of "the Great Novelist who writes history." Rereading the "fictionalized" part of the novel today, we sense nothing so clearly as the raw moralism of a mediocre Victorian novelist.

Yet if the fictionalized half of *Boston* returns us to the nineteenth century, so in an entirely different way does the "other" novel, the work of the journalist-investigator who shares with Vanzetti a native American radical tradition. Sinclair's Vanzetti is a romantic idealist – a tenacious true believer in "one of those high perfectionist doctrines which assume in human beings a quantity of virtue which few as yet possess." Vanzetti's enemies, no mere abstractions but the actual forces which kill him, are prejudice, exploitation, repression and power. His ultimate good is a fierce freedom which he knows experientially as the sole source of happiness. In an autobiographical passage borrowed from Vanzetti's real account (and couched in a dialect which quickly becomes wearisome), Sinclair has him explain his conversion to anarchism. "I come America," he tells Cornelia, "not for get rich, get little money, no work so hard, have time for read book. . . . I t'ink maybe I be socialist now, little bit socialist, sentimentale, genteel, good, ever'body be kind, make new world, ever'body be happy, maybe by vote. I come America for sooch pretty – what you say, dream." The dream crumbles and iron enters Vanzetti's soul: he becomes an anarchist agitator whose whole life is centered on the crime of capitalism. "Capitalismo is injoostice. I will not stand heem! Say, I will break heem, will never stop – never, what you say, surrender. I will speak – will say strong word – shock person, make him t'ink. Will speak all time, everywhere – make men hear – even when not want hear." When Cornelia reads him William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator* editorial – "I will be as harsh as truth" – Vanzetti says the name over and over again and then adds: "I never hear him before, but I feel him brudder; am joosta sooch man like him!"

Vanzetti, like Garrison, is Sinclair's ultimate hero – the man driven to act out his convictions. Garrison, in fact, is the prototype of Sinclair's new twentieth-century man. Like Garrison, Vanzetti has no use for politics ("Politeesh, he no work, liva good, dressa genteelman"). Scarcely less use for liberal reformers ("Riformista is – what you call it – trait'!"). Both men have an abiding fear of power ("Power and abuse of power are synonims"). Like the nineteenth-century moral reformer, Vanzetti finds in the role of the agitator a completeness denied him by the partial tasks assigned by society. He is similarly uncertain about the uses of violence. There will be no need for force in a world made over, but who, he asks, can deny its uses in making that world? Finally, there is a transcendentalist puritanism in Vanzetti which Sinclair respected, an urge to smash the toys of an acquisitive society and to return life to Thoreau's essentials – "a little roof, a field, a few books and food," as Vanzetti explains just after his imprisonment:

> "And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, the intelligence, all, what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force and intelligence of the universe. . . ."

It was the willful and premeditated destruction of the "man feeling" that so affronts Sinclair and makes this "other" novel a masterpiece of reporting and a forerunner of the novel-as-journalism which Norman Mailer has since perfected. Sinclair was forced to master the incredible detail of the case in order to know its real meaning. His mastery, well-nigh complete, shows on every page of this second novel: in his descriptions of an inept defense; in his masterful dissection of the legal reasoning of Webster Thayer; in lucid summaries of the endless series of defense motions; and not least in the scathing analysis of the report of the Lowell Commission. "I have tried to be the historian," Sinclair announced in explaining that his account of the case contained "no errors of real significance," a claim which Louis Joughin finds fully justified. Sinclair's poetic vision may have failed him in *Boston*, as it would countless times again, but his instincts as a reporter setting the record straight did not.

What, then, does the record show? What is Sinclair's verdict and what was the meaning of the case? It is clear, first of all, that he believed Sacco and Vanzetti innocent and knew that they had been denied even the semblance of a fair trial. More questionable, perhaps, is his view of the capitalist "system" suppressing dissent with single-minded ferocity. The apparent unity of the "establishment," as the more perceptive Bernard DeVoto makes clear in *We Accept With Pleasure*, dissolves under scrutiny into partial concerns, conflicting aims and cross-purposes. Welcome as Sinclair's analysis of the workings of power in the United States may be to a later generation properly disturbed by the malfunctioning of bureaucracy and fearful of all power, Sinclair's construction lacks the sophistication and the complexity of a really workable analytical model. What remains with us most clearly after rereading *Boston* are two legacies of nineteenth-century romantic reform: the idea of a "saving remnant" of middle-class liberals whose consciences drive them to strike out against social wrong; and, more important, the persistence of the radical vision in men like Vanzetti with their dreams of a perfect world commanding them to serve as "witness" with their lives. One senses that Sinclair himself was responding to some such categorical imperative – that he was serving as witness to his own beliefs – when he deserted the socialists in 1934 to present his EPIC plan to the people on the Democratic platform. And in our own time, when we read *Soledad Brother* and feel the impact of a different but equally strong radical imagination, we realize that these beliefs retain at least some of their original vitality.

John L. Thomas

Correction

Cole, *reviewed in these pages last week, is published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, not Viking as we amazingly announced. Our apologies to the publishers.*

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Correspondence

Busing

Sirs:

Your November 20 cover comment pays lip service to school desegregation by ostensibly rebuking the Congress, but opposition to busing is the thrust of the piece. There are genuine questions associated with this issue, but sloppy analysis and dubious legal assertions do not advance the inquiry.

The recent Northern cases to which you refer, together with at least ten others like them, all involve de jure segregation, so it is at best a non sequitur to say that the Supreme Court has "declined to involve itself" in the de facto (sic) situation. Similarly, if you are correct that most other urban districts are legally vulnerable, then it does not follow that the demise of "legally induced school segregation" is "fast approaching"; unless, of course, the key clause in the latter sentence is the reference to the *Brown* case. In that event, you are implying that only classical statutory segregation is illegal, which is a legally indefensible proposition at this writing.

To accept and report that busing, rather than school desegregation itself, causes white flight is naive if not disingenuous. Your piece cites, but then ignores the implications of, the Berkeley evidence, which suggests that something other than busing is the determinative variable. *Time* magazine (November 15, p. 60) reports that the San Francisco Chinese "sense of community" to which you refer is a socially acceptable euphemism for reluctance to go to school with black children. The point here is less that you may be wrong about what underlies this phenomenon than that you owe your readers and your own traditions a more careful analysis of this issue, especially since the Supreme Court has repeatedly held that white opposition to desegregation, including by flight, is an impermissible basis for maintaining illegal segregation.

The assertions that segregation cannot be ended by a "categorical national policy" and that Congress can "equalize the results of primary and secondary education" are remarkable in that both, to put it conservatively, are probably wrong. Unless the emphasis in the first proposition was slyly on the phrase "single act of Congress," which would only partly rescue the misstatement, Congress could constitutionally and practicably legislate the end of virtually all school racial isolation. And that you have found a way to equalize primary and secondary educational outcomes will astound educators, including, I believe, your own Joseph Featherstone.

Lastly, your reference to the testimony of Dr. Hamilton is most troublesome because both the argument itself and the use of the testimony are, to put it charitably, misleading. To suggest that "massive school integration" is "the chief objective in public education" of those who espouse busing as a remedy for illegal segregation is a sophomoric canard. To suggest that desegregation and quality education are unrelated, competing goals misrepresents the issues, the views of most educators and lawyers concerned with the problems, and, I believe, the testimony of Dr. Hamilton. To be sure, he spoke of "mere busing" as an artificial remedy, but he also spoke of the "necessity" of ending de jure segregation and a national enforcement policy against that school segregation which is seemingly de facto but actually the result of discriminatory official policy. He prefers nationally mandated integrated housing to pupil transportation, which is hardly to say that he finds no nexus between school segregation and educational quality.

J. Harold Flannery
Deputy Director
Center for Law and Education
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Sirs:

I cannot help but regard the November 20 lead comment on school busing as a step backward and away from *The New Republic*'s historic advocacy of an American society without racial walls. For it is idle to profess this goal and deny the means necessary to it, no matter how painful.

There is pain to busing, as you fulsomely point out. But busing is a necessary means to the end of school desegregation. "It is unlikely," the Supreme Court said of busing in April, "that a truly effective remedy [to school segregation] could be devised without continued reliance upon it."

The issue is not whether "massive school integration" will be the "chief objective in public education." The issue is whether racial segregation will continue to be the rule in the nation's schools, as it remains despite recent progress in the South. Integration, as the end result of desegregation, is neither a separate nor divergent goal from that of "quality education." One is necessary for the other for the millions of children now confined to segregated schools.

The Coleman report stands as persuasive evidence. And separate never has been and never will be equal. Which is another way of saying that there will be no genuine equalization of educational opportunities without desegregation, even if it takes a bus to get there.

Donald Canty
Washington, DC

Sirs:

Your cover editorial of Nov. 20 reveals The *New Republic* as a fair-weather friend of school integration. When the political bandwagon collides with the school bus, *NR* is ready to write off integration. "The adverse effects," *NR* says, will be "greater than any possible educational or social benefits." It is "foolhardy to concentrate on massive school integration." Congress, according to NR, should busy itself (with appropriations) to make the separate schools equal. All hail "quality education" a la *Plessy*.

But the segregated schools in which millions of our young people are isolated have a built-in sure-fail mechanism. They are schools for racism. They do not prepare for interracial amity. And worse, they rob their pupils of the equal opportunity for education affirmed by the Supreme Court 17½ years ago. All of us are the losers but most tragically the 300,000 pupils trapped in such substandard schools in Los Angeles and many times that many in the rest of the nation's segregated schools.

The fundamental problem is that these young people are not in the right school. With proper planning (school pairing, redrawn boundaries, and reassignments) some could walk to inte-

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN'S *most recent volume of poetry is entitled* The Other Journey. JOHN L. THOMAS *teaches history at Brown University.* JONATHAN YARDLEY *is book editor for the* Greensboro Daily News.

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gration. Others could be rescued by relocating schools or at school complexes or parks. In another 10 or 20 or 50 years tomorrow's children may be rescued by the glacial advance of residential integration. But for many of today's victims of educational short-changing, the easiest way to get them to the schooling that they need is to offer them a ride. Is that so preposterous? It works in Berkeley, Riverside, Sacramento, Inglewood, and far better than you imply in Pasadena and San Francisco. Los Angeles buses 45,000 pupils a day but, as its school board president says, not one for integration.

Frightened by the bus, or the bandwagon, *NR* can wash its hands of school integration, but the nation has an obligation to remove the segregation barrier to equal educational opportunity.

John Caughey
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

It seems that *The New Republic* is about to join with those liberals in Congress who have fought hard for school desegregation in the South and are abandoning it now that it is moving northward. In the first half of its November 20, 1971, article *The New Republic* forcefully condemns the House of Representatives for its "anti-busing stampede." But in the second part of the article it calls into question the entire concept of school desegregation.

To begin with, federal courts are not finding "southern-style *de jure* segregation and urban-style *de facto* racial isolation to be quite blurred." They are finding that what had been described as *de facto* racial isolation is indeed *de jure* segregation, *i.e.*, segregation brought about as a result of official action. School officials in the North who gerrymandered school boundary lines, contained inner-city minority children in schools overcrowded or loaded with portable classrooms, selected new school sites on the basis of minority group composition of neighborhoods, and concentrated minority group teachers only in minority group schools created segregated school systems just as surely as did state laws in the South. And on top of this, actions of other northern government officials – discriminatory zoning laws, biased mortgage financing of homes, and segregated public housing, to name a few – locked tight the school segregation.

The New Republic goes on to deal in the kind of gross generalities for which northern liberals have always been so ready to condemn southerners. It says "... busing is a problem. When it is long distance and is imposed on elementary school as well as older children, it carries real costs, and they are not only financial." "Long distance" busing under even metropolitan-wide school desegregation plans is the rare exception not the rule. In fact, suburban school districts are becoming so heavily engaged in bus transportation for reasons other than desegregation, that rerouting of bus schedules and an extra five-minute ride could accomplish a good deal of metropolitan school desegregation.

And what are the "real costs?" *The New Republic* is satisfied with the statement that "its [busing] adverse effects on the education and well-being of the children, black and white, are greater than any possible educational or social benefits that may be derived from it, will in many instances be justified," without any elaboration. Actually, though test results are admittedly contradictory, the majority have shown that school desegregation is the most effective way to improve the academic achievement of educationally and economically disadvantaged children and with no loss in rate of achievement of nonminority children. Test results of various compensatory education programs have generally been much less encouraging. In addition, the Traffic Safety Council has found that riding a bus to school is safer than walking. And *The New Republic* says nothing about the adverse affects of increasing polarization in the country which school segregation only exacerbates.

As for the "desire ... for a sense of community" and "the community control movement," these are important concepts, but it is ironic that the same white power structure which has denied resources to and, therefore, broken many community control movements among minority groups, is now vocalizing the greatest concern for them, and in terms of meeting minority group peoples' demands! This white power structure also chiefly represents the most mobile citizens in a metropolitan area – citizens for whom a ten or fifteen minute ride to a desegregated school PTA meeting could well be shorter than the ride to the office, a preschool child's private nursery school, country club, large shopping center, or best friend's home.

Nothing is more absurd than the statement that, "The time is fast approaching when the condition of legally induced school segregation with which the court dealt in *Brown v. Board of Education* will have been eliminated." Every northern court which has ordered school desegregation has found "legally induced school segregation." *Brown* was dealing with "state-imposed school segregation." The difference between the two types of discrimination is so miniscule that the whole line of cases emanating from Brown are equally applicable in northern school desegregation cases.

Cynthia Brown
Washington, DC

"CONG. HALPERN *has introduced legislation to resurrect the $2 bill. It will be the first Federal Reserve Note to be graced with the portrait of a woman: Susan B. Anthony. Halpern's bill is backed by 25 women's organizations representing fifty million women, and seventeen married governors. Chances are it will pass, unless it is headed off by a $3 bill, proposed by Gay Lib.*"

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Nixon Watch

Sirs:

I noted John Osborne's piece in the *New Republic* of November 6 – particularly his reference to a profane remark attributed to the President. The President's use of this obscenity in describing the ABA was supposed to have taken place during a meeting in the President's office on the morning of Friday, October 22.

I happened to be present for that entire meeting. I would like to set the record straight: The President did not use the quoted obscenity at any time during that meeting.

I have great respect for your reporter, John Osborne. He is one of the ablest observers of the Washington scene and one who attempts to be as honest as a reporter can be in this city. Unhappily, his source misinformed him in this instance. The simple fact is that in the many hours I have spent with the President I have never heard him use the word attributed to him in Mr. Osborne's piece.

John D. Ehrlichman
Assistant to the President
for Domestic Affairs

Social Security

Sirs:

The article by Robert W. Dietsch in the Nov. 28 issue on social security, was searching and analytical. The system is in dire need of reform.

One large segment of the economy which you did not refer to, and which is suffering perhaps even more than the wage earner, is the small businessman and the farmer-rancher. Unless you are big enough to incorporate and pay yourself a salary, you must not only match the deduction of the wage earners you employ, but you are hit again at 150 percent of your own income for a social security deduction for yourself, as a self-employed person. This you may elect not to do, if you are not making a reasonable profit, *i.e.*, if you are not making enough to be required to pay income tax, or if you are in the red for the year's operation.

My situation is ranch owner-operator, where I employ two to five persons, depending on the season and work load. My suggestion to our congressman, John Melcher, was that persons employing less than perhaps ten employees be relieved of the necessity for matching the deduction of the employees. His reply was that one would be tilting at windmills to try to get such a provision put into law. A carbon copy to Senator Mansfield brought the reply that some relief for farmers and ranchers and other small businessmen should result from tax reform. But as Mr. Dietsch points out, this kind of thing is being defeated right down the line.

No one contributes to my retirement, except my veterans' retirement, and I am sure I have already made the largest contribution, having two service connected disabilities. I would prefer to have the social security system scrapped, and allow us to provide for ourselves by either commercial or government insurance. The present inequities are being crammed down our throat! Any retirement plan should be voluntary. We have lost a valuable freedom in the social security system, where we are required to provide for retirement.

Jerome Phelan
Chinook, Montana

Emma Goldman

Sirs:

In his reconsideration *Living My Life*, (November 27) Mr. Lynn somehow managed to miss all the most important aspects of the book. Emma Goldman's idealism, made potent by her intelligence, sincerity and energy, rather than her radical politics, are what made her a vital figure to my grandparents' generation. Her enormous courage was the most outstanding quality I and other young women I know who have read this book were most repeatedly impressed by. . . . Clearly it is part of Mr. Lynn's bias to stress her early life, as it illuminates, or he thinks it illuminates, his sexual explanation of her radical career. To claim, in 1971, that "her political militancy was rooted in sexual resentment" seems, to say the least, rather facile and simplistic. In fact, any interpretation is probably premature for one who has read the book so quickly and carelessly that he can make such factual errors as referring to "her two older half-sisters and her beloved sister Helena, all of whom quailed before [her father]." Had he read more carefully, he might have learned that Helena *was* the second of the "two older half-sisters." Emma had two sisters, not three. He might also have learned more about the causes and the depth of her idealism.

Mr. Lynn bombards us with loaded words that misrepresent Emma Goldman very much as the contemporary press misrepresented her during her lifetime. He is like the British reviewers of her autobiography in his emphasis on her "promiscuity" and his reference to her "stable" of lovers. Sex was a natural part of life for Emma Goldman, which attitude, though admittedly an unusual one in her generation, does not merit the deprecatory words Mr. Lynn has used. She never succeeded in finding a man free enough of self-love and of traditional preconceptions of women to be able to respect her intellect and accomplishments at the same time he regarded her personally with affection. In her youth, men were motivated by her diminutive blondness to protect and own her and, incidently, to keep her from continuing her political activities. This was true of Ed Brady, with whom Emma lived for seven years before giving up on the relationship. In her maturity, she had the opposite problem; men wanted to lean on her motherly tenderness and be supported. Her relationship with Dr. Ben Reitman was so maternal that he called her "Mommy." She stuck it out for ten years this time. By whose definition are a seven-year affair, a ten-year affair, and a lifelong devoted friendship with Alexander Berkman to be called "promiscuity?"

Mr Lynn . . . gets a lot of mileage out of her attack on a sneering woman in Rochester and her horse-whipping of Johann Most. Words such as "feverish," "eager," "screaming," and "struck another blow" paint a picture of her as a noisy, frenzied, unthinking harridan, just as the contemporary press did. In reality, her restraint was more notable than her anger. She many times quieted hostile or angry crowds with her eloquence, preventing riots rather than inciting them.

Jane Goldman
Evanston, Illinois

In reply:

Emma Goldman had several more lovers than Jane Goldman suggests. In the early days, there was "Feyda" as well as "Sasha," and possibly Johann Most as well. Later on, there were the affairs

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with Ed Brady, Ben Reitman and Hippolyte Havel. As a woman of fifty-three, she found it impossible to keep her hands off a "flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Swedish boy," despite the fact that Berkman was deeply upset by the relationship. And finally there was James Colton, who became her second husband. Does this series of affairs justify the use of the word "promiscuity"? I believe it does, especially since the word is, as far as I am concerned, descriptive, not judgmental.

Jane Goldman also believes I overemphasize Emma's emotional violence. Yet there are many other examples besides the attack on the sneering woman in Rochester and the horsewhipping of Most. Thus when she threw Ben Reitman out of her love life she did so by picking up a chair "in a blind fury" and hurling it at him. But as with my listing of her lovers, I cite these instances of her violence not in order to discredit Emma Goldman in any way, but in order to cast light on her extraordinary career.

In sum, I believe that Jane Goldman has written a silly, needlessly protective letter. I am however, grateful to her for correcting me about that extra half-sister.

Kenneth S. Lynn

Lincoln Steffens

Sirs:

In his reconsideration of *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, Andrew Greeley writes that Steffens saw his life as the fulfillment of the Horatio Alger myth. But Steffens did not assert or imply that his success was the result of probity, earnestness and good works. He did not believe the failure to "make it" in American society was some sort of moral stigma and his own biography was not a Horatio Alger story. He went from an upper-middle-class background in Sacramento to a successful position in journalism. Steffens was talented but there is also the clear indication in the book that he was lucky, especially lucky to be left a sizable inheritance by a friend in Germany. The point is the muckraker told his readers what he learned from his contacts with the famous and powerful. The *Autobiography* reveals a process of education in which a fairly conventional American came to shed his liberal illusions.

It is true that Steffens did not pay adequate attention to the immigration phenomenon and it should be added that although he was a founding sponsor of the NAACP he was generally unconcerned with racism. Greeley dismisses Steffens involvement with the Jewish East Side as romanticism but the fact is that as reporter and editor Steffens seriously worked to learn from the cultural experiences of East Side intellectuals and he communicated those experiences to his readers. He rejected the argument that the source of urban corruption was the presence of immigrants and called attention to the American cities with predominantly native-born populations that were profoundly corrupt.

Greeley offers us an operational approach to the problem of corruption. He would have us build the political coalitions, operating within the system, that can improve the quality of urban life. . . . But even after all the years since the appearance of Steffens' *Autobiography* we can still profit by reminding ourselves of his main point, that we need to uncover the roots of corruption and that these roots are not found in personal immorality but in the institutional arrangements of American society.

Herbert Shapiro
University of Cincinnati

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

is able to make these connections with us, are all his works equally good? How do I know that I like *The Caretaker* more than *The Birthday Party*, *The Homecoming* more than either, *Old Times* somewhat less than *The Homecoming*? Principally by the gravity of the material encompassed in our psyches, by the breadth of the encompassment. *Old Times* touches mysteries, but the compass seems narrower than in *The Homecoming*. The previous play seemed to entail more about more men and women, a larger aspect of the male-female cosmos, than the new work. *Old Times*, enticing as it is, *enjoyable* as it is, is less resonant.

Pinter is often compared with Beckett, his presumptive master, so a further hierarchical statement may be useful. Pinter deals with aspects of mortality. Beckett, quintessentially, deals with mortality in the purview of immortality. E. M. Cioran has pointed out that Beckett is not a nihilist but a mystic, to whom physical existence is an interruption of a greater and perfect existence. Nothing like this view is to be found – yet – in Pinter, whose "unsayable" still resides in London.

But, like Beckett, he is highly comic. Part of his comedy lies in nonsequitur (a surrealist hallmark), which is often launched with furious, hilarious eloquence. I laughed quite a lot at the New York production of *Old Times*, more than I did at the London production I saw last summer, principally because Robert Shaw is a much richer actor than the man who played the part in London. (Mary Ure, the wife, and Rosemary Harris, the friend, are also

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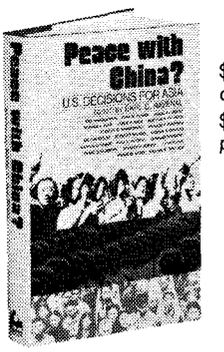

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excellent in the New York production, under Peter Hall's chamber-music direction.) The husband has most of the funny stuff because he is the one who is thrashing about desperately, he is the butt. Shaw appreciates this in theatrical and human terms.

All this talk of instinctive writing, of surrealism, doesn't deny the theme I cited earlier. It means only that the theme became clear to Pinter, out of his own depths, *as* he wrote rather than before he wrote. Nor does it imply that Pinter merely slaps things down on paper, any more than Magritte or Ernst or Tanguy merely slapped paint on canvas. After the impulse, the exquisite modeling.

Take the very first sight, the very first line, of *Old Times*. When the curtain rises, the husband and wife are seated in light, the other woman is standing in shadow at back, looking away. She is waiting to "enter." The visible and predictable sequence is immediately taking; before the play is a minute old, we know that relativity of time is part of the drama.

The first line is just one word. The wife says: "Dark." Then, as per the printed script, comes the stage direction: *Pause.* (!) One word, "Dark," then a pause. The other woman is *in* the dark. Is that what's meant? What kind of dark? A half dozen questions flash through our minds. The pause is to allow them – and to allow the picture to sink in. Then the husband says, "Fat or thin?," the wife replies, "Fuller than me. I think," and we realize that they're talking about the other woman and that "dark" means dark-haired. The process is much like an open chord in music being clarified by the addition of tones.

How well it all *works*. No wonder actors love Pinter.

Writing about *The Caretaker* almost eight years ago (*NR*, Jan. 25, 1964), I admired Pinter but hoped he would be a different writer at 40 and 50 and 70. He's now 41 and has moved from the "menace" plays to *The Homecoming* and the lyrical short plays *Landscape* and *Silence* and this new sex-and-time teaser. His power to grow is one of the most cheering aspects of contemporary writing. He is a chief reason why the theater of the word – the *new* theater of the word that understands the unsaid – is alive.

The Prisoner of Second Avenue is Neil Simon's new laugh hit (it does have laughs) about a middle-aged couple trapped in decaying Manhattan, and shows again that Simon is a sketch writer who can't sustain a full-length play. The first half builds; the second half disintegrates into skits and gags and padding.

The most interesting point about it is social. The play takes as given that the US is in the middle of an economic depression. You can figure backwards how serious that depression really is if a writer like Simon, who depends entirely on quick recognitions, has depended on the quick recognition of that fact.

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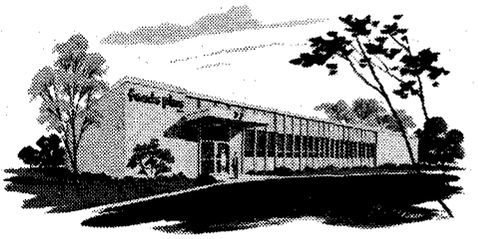

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Niacinamide	20 mg.
Calcium Pan	1 mg.

Buy 250 size for $3.25 –get another 250 for 1¢

Buy 120 size for $1.75 –get another 120 for 1¢

Compare to ONE-A-DAY plus IRON
Sold up to $3.19 for 100

MULTI-VITAMINS & IRON Foods Plus FORMULA 432

Each Tablet Contains:

Vitamin A	5,000 USP Units
Vitamin D	400 USP Units
Vitamin B-1	2 mg.
Vitamin B-2	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B-6	1 mg.
Vitamin B-12	1 mcg.
Vitamin C	50 mg.
Niacinamide	20 mg.
Calcium Pan	1 mg.
Iron	15 mg.

Buy 250 size for $3.69 –get another 250 for 1¢

Buy 120 size for $1.95 –get another 100 for 1¢

Compare to CHOCKS plus IRON
Sold up to $2.29 for 60

CHEWABLE VITAMINS & IRON Foods Plus FORMULA 310

Each Tablet Contains:

Vitamin A	5,000 USP Units
Vitamin D	400 USP Units
Vitamin C	50 mg.
Niacinamide	20 mg.
Vitamin B-1	2 mg.
Vitamin B-2	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B-6	1 mg.
Vitamin B-12	1 mcg.
Iron	10 mg.

Buy 250 size for $3.69 –get another 250 for 1¢

Buy 100 size for $1.95 –get another 100 for 1¢

TO CALL attention to its already-low prices for quality vitamins, and to make new friends among users, FOODS PLUS, INC. now makes this unprecedented introductory offer: buy any formula shown on the opposite page at the regular low price and get a second bottle of the same formula and equal size for just 1¢.

These are the very same vitamins that are now used by hundreds of thousands of FOODS PLUS customers coast-to-coast.

By dealing with FOODS PLUS–the world's largest vitamin manufacturer selling direct to the public–these customers are assured of always getting fresh, full-potency vitamins–while at the same time, they enjoy savings of up to 50% over the fair-trade retail prices for comparable formulas.

Now, with this revolutionary 1¢ sale, FOODS PLUS invites you to see for yourself the unique advantages of dealing directly with an established vitamin manufacturer.

COMPARING VITAMINS IS EASY!

By law all vitamins must be exactly as represented on the label. So you can safely compare the labels of the vitamins you are now using with the FOODS PLUS Formulas at left. Not only do FOODS PLUS vitamins save you money, they are also guaranteed to maintain their potency for two full years.

To take advantage of this offer, simply fill in the coupon below and mail with payment.

Your vitamins will be sent to you *post-paid* with an unconditional 30-day guarantee. If within this period, you should be dissatisfied in any way you may return the unused portion of your order and your money will be refunded in full.

But don't delay. Send the coupon today, before your present supply of vitamins is exhausted. (If the formula you want is not shown here, we will be happy to send you our complete catalog on request.)

foods plus, inc.

FOODS PLUS INC.,
6338 LINDMAR DR.,GOLETA,CA. 93017

Please send me two bottles of the FOODS PLUS formula I have checked below. I understand that if at any time within 30 days, I should be dissatisfied, I may return the unused portion of my order for a full refund.

FORMULA	QUANTITY	PRICE	FORMULA	QUANTITY	PRICE
☐ 413	200	$9.39 + 1¢	☐ 413	100	$4.95 + 1¢
☐ 401	200	$4.65 + 1¢	☐ 401	100	$2.49 + 1¢
☐ 424	200	$3.95 + 1¢	☐ 424	100	$2.19 + 1¢
☐ 402	250	$3.25 + 1¢	☐ 402	120	$1.75 + 1¢
☐ 432	250	$3.69 + 1¢	☐ 432	120	$1.95 + 1¢
☐ 310	250	$3.69 + 1¢	☐ 310	100	$1.95 + 1¢

Please send me free descriptive catalog. ☐
Enclosed is my check or money order for $ .....

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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